

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Seventh Year of Issue

February, 1948



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Fred M. Young

Nationalism and Socialism
in Nigeria

James Hanson

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O CANADA

"But there must come a time when a limit is reached to what can be done in the way of advancing the remuneration and increasing the privileges of organized labor in this country." (Applause)

(B. K. Sandwell, in an address to the Canadian Club, Ottawa Evening Citizen)

Magistrate McMillan upheld Spicer's right to take his wife over his knee and spank her with a frying pan because she had developed the habit of staying out until after midnight and refusing to wash the dishes. "She got what she deserved," seconded Crown Attorney E. C. Awrey after hearing the husband tell his version of the affair.

(Globe and Mail)

Adelord, who is married and has two grown sons, is Toronto's—and possibly the world's—Number One Mary Pickford Fan. Of course, he's never met America's Sweetheart of the silent days, but he was born, as he proudly relates it, just about one mile from where she was, over on University Ave. "I think we ought to be proud of her, and all Canadians who become famous. Look at Barbara Ann Scott and Alexander Graham Bell," he adds.

(Globe and Mail)

Canada's dollar poverty cannot be attributed to ill-timed social experiment, an unbalanced budget, or any indisposition of Canadians to work.

(Condensed version of Fortune Magazine article in the Calgary Albertan)

The more money you can help your firm make, the more money there will be for you. It's as simple as that. If you can't get it from your firm, you will get it next door, if you are worth it. You can call it ruthless if you like, but that is the way it is; that is the way that brought Canada, the United States and Great Britain to greatness. It is the other way that is rapidly shaking our system at its foundation, the way of molly-coddling people with more pay for less work, which has been insinuated into our lives by parlor pinks who have never succeeded at anything, and never will apply muscle and sinew to the problem of living if they can possibly help it. . . I am called an alarmist, an agitator, and other names I prefer not to repeat. But evidence that I am not imagining a non-existent evil is right before our eyes. Right now, Liberal Canada is as close to socialism as is socialist Britain. Let me back that up with facts.

First of all, the Dominion Government controls finance through its Bank of Canada. It has its tentacles wound around the business of transportation through its Canadian National Railways, its Trans-Canada Air Lines. And even road transport is affected by the government-owned Polymer Corporation, which, long after the war, is still the only concern making the synthetic rubber required in the manufacture of tires, and so constitutes another government monopoly in a vital industry. These are the supply lines through which government can control industry without having to go through the motions of nationalizing your business or mine. These controls are implemented by the government operated Canadian National Express and Telegraphs.

Then, of course, as media of propaganda, Ottawa has its Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, regulating private radio with its complete control of all programming, and at the same time competing with private stations in the field of radio advertising. It has its National Film Board, with its talons sunk well into this other potent medium of information. So far, thank God, the press has escaped its claws. Other less important fields into which governments, federal and provincial, have trespassed, are insurance, electric power, telephones, and even, through the federal War Assets Corporation, the junk business. There is the hand-writing on the wall.

(Press release of an address to the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Chatham, Ont., January 19, by Richard G. Lewis, Editor, Canadian Broadcaster).

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The Two Europes

The European political scene is beginning to crystalize, but the resultant picture is one which can make no friend of democracy and socialism happy. Behind the Trieste-Stettin line, all opposition to the dictatorship of the Communist bureaucrats is being physically destroyed. In Rumania, the Socialist Party, the only remaining non-Communist group, was forced to merge with the Communists. The eight Socialist members of the Bulgarian Parliament, the only non-Communists in the House, were threatened last week with the "fate of Petkov," the murdered Agrarian leader, for having dared to oppose sections of the Budget. Hungarian socialist leaders have been fleeing that unhappy country, bringing reports of the same pattern of totalitarian control, and judicial frameups of democratic opponents of the Communists. In Poland, all semblance of opposition is gone. German democrats and socialists, who live in the Soviet occupied zone, are once again experiencing the comforts of Buchenwald. The "New Democracies" of eastern Europe are rapidly becoming exact replicas of the Stalinist homeland.

West of the Trieste-Stettin line, the situation is also serious. American aid to Greece has strengthened the power of the most reactionary elements in the country. Matthew Woll, no friend of Communism, reported in a speech in Toronto that the A.F. of L. supported trade unions of Greece have been denied the right to strike. In France, de Gaulle's movement is now the largest political group in the country; its leader is making explicit his support of Fascist principles. The election results in most Western European countries have shown swings to the right, away from the socialists.

Europe is being cut in two by forces that are not primarily European—but Asiatic and American. The economic recovery of Europe itself is possible only with American aid. It is of vital importance if she is to play any historical role in the years to come. And that role must then be under the leadership of a socialist Britain.

One Hundred Years of Marx

The year 1948 is being celebrated throughout the world as the centennial of Marxism. One hundred years ago, in 1848, two German socialists, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, published the "Communist Manifesto," an appeal to the workers of the world to build a new socialist society. In the next three decades Marx turned out innumerable books and articles designed to educate the workers to a realization of their historical role as a revolutionary liberating class.

Today, a hundred years after the publication of the Manifesto, as many people know the name of Marx as do those of any great teacher of mankind. Over three hundred million people in Russia, Red China, and the "New Democracies" of Eastern Europe are ruled by men who claim to be Marxists. There are men who have been heavily influenced by Marxism in the governments of India, most of Western Europe, England, and some of the South American countries. If one accepted terms at their face value, Marx and Marxism have triumphed. This centennial should be one of celebration and victory.

Yet no one really believes this. Marx himself, shortly before his death, found it necessary to say about a group of French "Marxists," that if they were Marxists, then "I am not a Marxist." We would suspect the ghost of old Marx must have repeated that statement many times. The man who predicted the "withering away of the state," "the creation of a classless society," the "abolition of income-differentials" has become the god of a society where the state is stronger than ever before in history, where rigid class lines have developed, and where income differentials are greater than in most capitalist countries.

In spite of the monstrosities erected in his name, Marx has done his work well in the last hundred years. He provided an intellectual groundwork from which every socialist movement, whether consciously Marxist or not, has drawn sustenance. We would suggest in this year, 1948, that no intelligent socialist is yet above learning from the founder of the modern socialist movement. No one should let Stalin's claim to be a Marxist affect his attitude any more than he would be affected by Franco's claims to be acting on Christian principles.

The Burmese Republic

"Rangoon, Jan. 4—Sir Hubert Rance, last British Governor in Burma, sailed down-river from Rangoon in the cruiser Birmingham today to the cheers of thousands of Burmese citizens who lined the wharves and river banks to bid farewell to the last representative of British rule. . ."

So runs the London *Times* account of the birth of the new Burmese Republic. There need be no illusions: the occasion evoked cheers because it was a farewell; and there were undoubtedly thousands of Burmese who, had they been present, would have booed rather than cheered.

But the significance of January 4 in the history of the British Empire and Commonwealth is missed if the event is judged wholly in a spirit of impassioned anti-imperialism—however justified that might be by the centuries of exploitation and frustrated colonial development. The British Commonwealth is built on the principle that the inhabitants of an integral portion of its territory have the right to chart their own destiny, and therefore to leave the Commonwealth, or to refuse to join it when they graduate from colonial status. This Burma has done. The fact that she did so in a spirit of friendship and continued co-operation with Britain is re-affirmation of the soundness of the Labor Government's approach to Empire.

But the event does raise again the question of whether past experience in the evolution of Empire to Commonwealth is any guide to the future. There are reasons—emphasized by the Burmese decision—which suggest the contrary. Members of the British Commonwealth of Nations today are predominantly Anglo-Saxon in race or tradition; the maturing colonies of the Empire, on the other hand, are predominantly native peoples. Therefore the real test has yet to come—when predominantly native populations win full self-government and yet choose to remain within the Commonwealth.

Meanwhile Burma goes her way. The path of independence will not be easy for the new Republic; within two weeks ministerial resignations brought on the first cabinet

crisis. But the measure of statesmanship revealed during the past year of provisional government, first by U Aung San until his assassination, and then by Thakin Nu, who succeeded as Prime Minister, augurs well for the future.

Shaky Coalition

The B.C. Liberal Convention, faced with the resignation of Premier John Hart, chose as his successor Mr. Byron Johnson, M.L.A. for New Westminster. Mr. Johnson is now Premier of British Columbia and heads the increasingly shaky Coalition of Liberals and Conservatives. At the Convention Johnson, with no cabinet experience, defeated Attorney General Gordon Wismer, who had also been Minister of Labor for some months. The defeat of Wismer has been interpreted by some as the defeat of the "Farris Machine" within the Liberal Party, but many fear that the "machine" is not so easily beaten.

The Cabinet now being assembled (or largely reassembled) by Mr. Johnson is weaker than its predecessor. There is the inexperience of the new Premier and the continued illness of the able Minister of Education, Dr. George Weir, whose place is taken by W. T. Straith, a somewhat pedestrian lawyer from Victoria. There are two by-elections to be fought before the new government meets the Legislature, one in Cariboo and one in North Okanagan, for both of which the CCF has nominated its candidates.

Libraries Need Money

The Canadian Welfare Commission is currently circulating a wistful little brief on *The Library Services to Canadian Youth*, the gist of which is that there are, practically speaking, no such services available in the rural areas of a country where according to actual poll of teen-aged young people reading ranks third among recreational activities — after "talking" and "listening to the radio." The brief is being sent to mayors and reeves in cities and towns across Canada. It seems to us that this step is much too negative in approach. It is hardly politic to point out to any community that they are after all no worse than similar communities the country over—the result is too likely to be a collective shrug.

What ought to be circulated is a sample estimate of what a small working collection of books for reference and recreational reading for the adolescent would cost, how it should be housed, and for how much, and a plea on the positive side for some financial response to such a proposal. Everyone knows in theory that libraries are desirable. What we need to push us into action is a statement, in figures, of how surprisingly economical it can be *not* to be ignorant.

Duncan Campbell Scott

The death of Duncan Campbell Scott ends one of the longest and most versatile careers in Canadian literature. Like most Canadian authors, he was a spare-time writer who never made enough money from writing to retire on it, though his real job, in the Civil Service at Ottawa, was done well enough to get him a C.B.E. shortly after the last war. Nevertheless, he managed to make four considerable breaches into literature: as a biographer (of Simcoe), as an editor (of Lampman), as a short story writer, and as a poet. Critics rank him very near the Canadian top in both the last categories. And whatever a Canadian writer may be, there is no doubt that Scott had as varied and comprehensive a knowledge of Canada as any writer we have produced. This

knowledge extended to the Indians and French-Canadians as well as to his own Ontario background, and was in its turn the foundation of a general and very cosmopolitan culture.

As a poet, Scott is best known outside Canada for a lovely pre-Raphaelite fantasy, "The Piper of Arll," which was acclaimed by Masfield and is still one of the best things of its period. That was, so to speak, a carefully polished masterpiece designed for the export trade. His poetry, like his stories, is full of queer, grim, rather sardonic ballad themes, tales of lovers crushed in a log-jam, a solitary Indian murdered in the forest for his furs, a squaw baiting a fish-hook with her own flesh to get food for her children. It is full too of quick apprehensions of a violent and unpredictable climate in which the most commonplace phrase, such as "I think it will freeze tonight," suddenly takes on sinister overtones. But it is also full of normal, even ready-made, religious, philosophical, and other reflections about God, the soul, the world, and nature as well as of an appreciation of the common heritage of modern civilization, like the poem on Debussy or the "Theme with Variations" series. His taste is far from faultless, and some of his best known poems, notably "At the Cedars," would hardly look out of place in *Sarah Binks*. But the critic should not confine his appreciation to poets who were good only because they never had the nerve to write badly. Scott is good for much better reasons and is highly rewarding to read, not only for the Canadian who sees so much of his real and fictional environment reflected in him, but for the modern man who can see in his very unevenness of theme and achievement the typical modern poet singing, like the piper of Arll, of "the secret of his broken will."

Thumbprints

The Canadian Council of Reconstruction, affiliated with the United Nations Educational, Social and Cultural Organization, is attempting to raise twenty million dollars, and is having its drive opened by Mary Pickford, who will visit the Governor-General and the Prime Minister and be feted at Government House. Someone should start an agency to specialize in dignified cheesecake for respectable institutions in need of funds.

* * * *

Vancouver City Council now has the second woman member in its history. Mrs. Laura Jamieson, formerly CCF member of the B.C. Legislature, won the seat in the recent civic elections. It is significant that the first woman to be elected to the Vancouver Council also represented the CCF.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 3, No. 29, February, 1923, *The Canadian Forum*.

The King government has entered upon its second session . . . the speech from the throne was significant for its omission of any mention of the tariff, while promising action against combines. Already the government is breathing out slaughter against the shipping combine on the Great Lakes. It will be remembered that Mr. Bristol, chief spokesman for Canada Steamships, is now occupying a seat on the opposition benches. . .

The Canadian Forum is an independent journal of progressive democratic opinion. The opinions expressed in signed articles are not necessarily those of the editors, and the editors speak only for themselves.

The Second Chapter

► THE HISTORIAN of the post-second-World-War period will probably begin his second chapter with January, 1948. His first will have dealt with the two-and-a-half years when some pretense of agreement, or of possible agreement, was kept up by the four big powers. Chapter Two may be entitled "The War of Investive" if the sudden outcrop of violent words against the Soviets from hitherto moderate lips—Attlee's, Morrison's, and even Mackenzie King's—is any indication of what is to come. If the title is no worse, let us hope the chapter may be long.

The historian will note, no doubt, that the immediate responsibility for the breakdown lies with Molotov, with whose persistent, wearisome distortions of all motives not his own—and his own, too, the other way round—neither Bevin's occasional loss of temper, nor Marshall's bluntness can possibly be compared. He will recognize that the British were concerned with the Empire they inherited, with oil, and many other things, and that American dollar diplomacy had strings to it, but he will add that Russian imperial policies were tied by cords of steel.

The greatest error of the Kremlin during this and the preceding period will be noted as their dogmatic a priori refusal to see in democratic socialism anything but a "lackey of capitalism." This refusal is, and always was, an integral part of Communist philosophy. They have always looked upon the social democrat as Communism's first enemy, to be destroyed by open opposition, or choked to death in a feline embrace. The former put Hitler in power in Germany; the second was the united front of the 'thirties, apparently to be repeated, at least in Canada, in 1948.

In a sense, this Communist dogma, though it has successfully split progressive forces for a quarter of a century, is natural enough. If the people successfully find the democratic socialist way out, Communism is doomed outside Russia; and it is also true that if the democratic road to progress is blocked, the world will be faced with a choice between monopoly capitalism—the logical conclusion to which the so-called American Way of Life leads in industrialized society—on the one hand, and Soviet authoritarianism on the other. Extremes meet, and there may be little to choose in the end, for the common man, between monopoly capitalism on the one side and state capitalism on the other.

That is why the struggle for freedom and the struggle for democratic socialism become one and the same. Leon Blum has recently coined a new phrase, "The Third Force," in France, between de Gaulism and Communism. To be effective, however, this third force must be led by socialists and effectively directed to socialist measures. A vital factor is strong trade unions. The struggle in the French unions is probably the key in France. It is equally important elsewhere. In Eastern Europe (including East Germany) third force elements forced into alliance with Communists are ceasing to exist; in France and Italy the danger is an almost equally debilitating alliance with the other enemy: capitalism. In the United States, the third force elements are weak and scattered. Only in Britain, New Zealand, Australia, the Scandinavian and some other small western countries, are the socialist forces clearly dominant. In Canada they are at least clearly defined—for the CCF is now strong enough, and clear-sighted enough, not to lose its identity, whatever happens.

The discerning historian of the future, during the cold-war period, will have to record many important danger spots. He will attach much weight to the success or failure of the

UN in Palestine; he will record many more or less localized conflicts in arms, in Greece (where he will probably conclude everyone was in the wrong) and elsewhere.

Whether the next chapter records the final collapse of our civilization or the beginning of better things will then be seen to have depended upon the development of two threads in the pattern of the months or at best the few years immediately before us: the effective developments of democratic socialist forces into a real power in the world to stand up to both giant ideologies and again the development of trade relations based upon economic realities sufficiently strong to override soon enough the disruptive forces of nationalism and imperialism. There is no guarantee of success in either field, but certainly there is, as yet, no certainty of failure.

G. M. A. Grube

Letter From London

Stella Harrison

► 1948 HAS STARTED in Britain in an atmosphere of sober optimism. The end-of-year political and economic stock-taking gave grounds certainly not for jubilation but undoubtedly for hope based on effort. The prophets of doom stand confounded whilst the austere Cripps, whom his worst enemies could hardly accuse of demagoguery, tells of the solid achievements in the basic industries.

Coal has done well in its first year of nationalization. The Tory opposition wants to see steel nationalization jettisoned because steel is already doing well and might be upset by the threat of change. All the propaganda against reduction of the House of Lords' delaying power is really directed against the Government policy for the steel industry. What did in fact threaten to upset iron and steel production was the uncertainty in the minds of the workers as to whether the Government would proceed with nationalization. When the Government unequivocally reaffirmed its pledge, the effect on morale in the rank and file of the trade unions was like sunshine after fog. The steel workers have accepted a continuous shift system and the curve of individual effort is rising.



"A spectre is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism"

The railways formally became the property of the nation on January 1. The expected crop of funny drawings in the newspapers sprang up and withered. The Stock Exchange experienced the expected unloading of railway stock by holders to whom gilt-edged security meant less than today's rather flimsy chances of big dividends. This was a windfall for the nation, for the Treasury sailed in and bought up at 97 stock worth at least its par value.

At a time when the accent in political discussion was mainly on domestic affairs, Mr. Attlee delivered his Third Force speech. Mr. Attlee does not exploit the tricks of oratory nor the wiles of showmanship. His is no slick sales talk, larded with epigrams and ringing with defiance. There is a conspicuous lack of readily remembered and easily quotable catch-phrases in his pronouncements. Yet this speech was at once a challenge and a rallying cry. To his supporters it brought reassurance that the Government retains its own socialist philosophy, repelling suggestions of watered-down communism and watered-down capitalism alike. To his opponents it voiced a firm reminder that the Government is accomplishing today essential reforms which should have been achieved years ago, remedying the social ills that had grown up and flourished at "the sweet will of private profit." Above all to other social democrats, particularly in western Europe, it gave a lead for action in the international field.

That the British Prime Minister's rallying call did not fall on deaf ears is borne out by Leon Blum, the Grand Old Man of French socialism, devoting his leading article in the *Populaire* to it, on the very day when the Third Force in France had just saved the Republic itself. France is today of superlative interest to England as the microcosm across the Channel where the world drama is being enacted on a stage of national dimensions. In France, with the Republic fighting for its life against the coordinated assault from left and right, the socialists are less fortunate than here in England because they are not numerically strong enough to command support for their own socialist policy. They are obliged to work with a right-moderate group whose policies, however, the pressure of economics is steadily pushing to the left. Thus a Government under M. Robert Schuman (M.R.P.) appointed in succession to that of M. Ramadier (Socialist) is the Government to introduce a special levy on those who have so far escaped their fair share of the burden of taxation. And the opposition to this levy—on the farmers, middlemen and shopkeepers who have for years been milking industrial workers, public service employees and small pensioners—is launched in almost identical terms by Gaullists and Communists.

The Gaullists simply want to turn the Government out, believing that if they can impose new elections now, they are in sight of victory. But to hear the Communists pleading for more consideration for those whom they have stigmatized as hunger-mongers, parasites and profiteers makes one realize that they, too, only want to turn the Government out, even if it means letting in a Government with the twin objectives of anti-communism and destruction of the Constitution.

The savior of the Constitution on this occasion, however, was in no small degree the General himself. M. Schuman showed immense political acumen in putting the question of confidence when he did, at the Special Session of the National Assembly on a Saturday. Allowing for the prescribed delay of a full twenty-four hour period, the vote was due to be taken on the following Monday. On the intervening Sunday, de Gaulle launched, in the industrial town of St. Etienne, his appeal for a new trade union organization on the lines of the Fascist corporative system. He spoke from a platform on

a hill, where the faithful were ranged on rising tribunes and dominated by patriotic symbols of enormous dimensions. If there was something vaguely reminiscent about the setting, what was better calculated to attune his hearers to the oddly reminiscent plea for labor legislation barely distinguishable from that of Petain or Mussolini?

His audience was vast, far greater than the number of listeners on the hill in St. Etienne. His voice reached beyond the town and the department to Paris three hundred miles away, where a few deputies were still undecided whether to vote with the reactionaries and the revolutionaries against the Government of the Third Force. When Monday came and a deputy drew attention to the attempts of left and right groups to discredit parliamentary institutions and open the door to political adventuring, the St. Etienne proposals were fresh in the minds of all.

The deputies faced their responsibilities. A majority of them voted for a measure which must surely outrage orthodox American capitalism by its insistence that those who make profits out of shortages must be made to disgorge. At the same time it is a bulwark to French stability, which the Communists seek to undermine in order to create the "revolutionary situation" of their somewhat outdated textbooks.

The Third Force has cleared the hurdle, and in Britain no less than in France men of goodwill heave a sigh of relief. In past days when there was a progressive Government in London there was the opposite in Paris, and when there was a popular front Government there, the Tories were in the saddle here. 1948 holds the promise of fruitful if arduous labor in the two great democracies which maintain western civilization astride the English Channel.

London, England, January, 1948.

Prices and Profits

Andrew Hebb

► A GOVERNMENT convinced against its will is of the same opinion still. Dominion action to control the cost of living illustrates the futility of entrusting such a complex task to an unbeliever. When a member of a housewives' delegation told Finance Minister Douglas Abbott some months ago of her difficulties in looking after four children with her husband's earnings of \$35 a week, the minister is reported to have said: "What a splendid family allowance you must have!" The minister takes no account of the fact that advances in cost of living have wiped out the family allowances initiated in 1945.

Mr. Abbott has now said that the government does not believe that either an over-all price control or subsidies on specific commodities are possible in peacetime. In support of his first point he states effectively that wages, salaries and imports enter into prices. He might have mentioned profits too. In support of his objection to the use of subsidies he is not reported to have said anything. The ideology is well known: direct or indirect consumer subsidies deprive the consumer of the knowledge of the real cost of living and interfere with the free play of economic forces.

It should be recognized that subsidies could aggravate the inflationary problem—which is essentially not enough goods as against the supply of money. However, a government which wished to ease the burden on depressed groups would find a way to take a balancing amount of money out of circulation. The government's action, for instance, in letting its bond prices fall and thereby raising interest rates may

reduce unnecessary spending more than it embarrasses needy borrowers. Overshadowing any such constructive action, however, is the discontinuance at the end of the year of the excess profits tax, which had been whittled down gradually from its wartime level. A graded corporate income tax would check swollen profits, without discouraging production, and provide funds with which to reduce sales taxes and low-bracket income taxes or to subsidize food products. The excess profits tax brought the dominion treasury over \$2,000,000,000 from 1940 to the end of 1947, but the two cents a quart subsidy of milk cost only about \$25,000,000 a year and a ten cents a pound subsidy on butter would not cost much more. Consumer subsidies do not give anyone "something for nothing," or hide true cost, as unceasing laissez-faire propaganda disarmingly assumes, but merely return to the victims of a protected market a part of the toll they have paid.

If the government's stand against consumer subsidies is accepted as sincere although benighted, what explanation is there of the government's failure to do something about sales taxes on essentials? Leaving the 8 per cent sales tax on bacon (smoked and cooked meats) is a scandalous example. By contrast, the government moved with suspicious eagerness, under the auspices of the Geneva trade agreements, to reimpose the tariffs against British textiles, hardware, and glass, which had been removed or reduced in 1940 as a cost-of-living control measure. This action, together with the drastic quota against U.S. textile imports, will make itself felt on the clothing budget.

So the government passed by obvious but distasteful ways in which it could help the consumer and looked at price controls. In the industrial field the difficulties were enormous. Were profit margins to be reduced and production discouraged? Were wages and salaries to be controlled—and if so, for how long? Were imports to be subsidized? Were there to be export controls to prevent domestic scarcities developing? In the food field, however, farmers had just received an increase in price for livestock and dairy products—even though in compensation for the withdrawal of subsidies and increased feed costs. The farm wage-earner and entrepreneur were largely the same person—and therefore a squeezable person. There might be, in agricultural production, imported raw materials such as gasoline but there was an elastic solvency on the farm. Unlike a factory, a farm can operate indefinitely on an unprofitable basis. There already were export controls to prevent the diversion of food products to the more lucrative U.S. markets. In fact, there already were invisible but fairly effective price ceilings established by the British food agreement prices and the embargo against major farm product exports to the United States and other markets. The farmer was reconciled pretty well to these ceilings—why not make a show for the consumer of checking food prices? Even a domestic product like butter would be going down in price when the grass began to grow again or perhaps when the government's New Zealand butter arrived.

So the government reduced the return of the cream producer—most poorly paid of dairy farmers—and promised meat ceilings which would reflect the British price agreements. Retail meat prices were a little bit out of line with the overseas prices, partly due to the heavy slaughter of livestock which occurred following the withdrawal of feed subsidies and ceilings in October. Ironically, the government by implication had promised farmers that meat prices at that time would advance beyond the levels set by the British agreements. This the government did last summer when it agreed that the feed ceilings and subsidies would remain as long as the ceilings remained on meats. But when the meat

and feed ceilings ended, meat prices were unable to advance beyond the overseas price level. The farmer was surprised, and when, in January, domestic prices gave some indication of moving temporarily beyond the British price level, he was shocked that the government which a few months previously had promised him that very thing now clamped on the lid.

Except for a promise to check the price of fertilizer, the government has offered no compensation to the farmer for the new ceilings. The beef cattle producer particularly, who sells his own product at half the U.S. price, and suspects that his beef has been forced upon Britain to avoid opening the U.S. market, was dissatisfied with the new British price. The 6 or 7 per cent of his product sold in Britain last year determined the price of the 90 per cent sold in Canada. The government has controlled food prices without controlling food production costs. To the extent that the government's action helps the consumer now, it is likely to discourage the increased farm production that would be the best insurance against inflated food prices later on and a contribution to world recovery. A government that was anxious to resolve this perennial conflict of interests between food consumer and producer could have directed January's public agitation into support of the development of producer and consumer co-operatives, and have brought immediate and noticeable relief to consumers with food subsidies.

Maritime Political Trends

Fred M. Young

► DURING 1947 three election campaigns were fought in the Maritimes—one in each province. Two of these—in Halifax and York Sunbury—were by-elections and they occurred in constituencies which included the capital cities of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The third was a general election in Prince Edward Island. All were contested by the Liberals, the Progressive Conservatives and the CCF, and all were hard fought. Their results give a fairly accurate picture of the present Maritime political situation, which might be summed up as: Conservatives dying, Liberals holding, and CCF gaining.

As the Halifax campaign opened last spring all parties realized that here was a crucial test of public opinion. Prices were rising, unemployment in the area was increasing, housing conditions were desperate, and a great deal of anti-government feeling was expressing itself. The Liberal party, well knowing that Halifax was a constituency which might vent its spleen upon the administration delayed the calling of the election, and then, having called it, poured almost the entire federal cabinet into the fight, and made lavish promises of good things to come. The Isnor machine, one of the most efficient election organizations in the Dominion, was well-oiled and thrown into high gear. No chances were taken. Every trick known to the ward-heeler was used and every ounce of pressure which could be brought to bear upon the voter was exerted. The Progressive Conservatives saw in the situation a chance to recoup their shattered fortunes in Nova Scotia.

"The Liberal party is still very strong in the Maritime Provinces . . . but at the same time there is little popular enthusiasm for the party." The relative positions of the three parties—Liberal, Progressive Conservative and Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) are discussed here.

In 1945 they had failed to elect a single member to the Legislature and their provincial leader, L. W. Fraser, had resigned. An attempt to build a provincial leader the next year through the Halifax civic elections also met with disaster. Since then they had had no success either in rebuilding their shattered organization or in securing a leader. A win in Halifax would give the party new hope and courage throughout the whole Province.

The Ottawa brain trust was moved to the eastern seaboard, Mr. and Mrs. Bracken spent considerable time in the area, beautiful three-colored posters appeared, expensive newspaper advertising rivalled the Liberal outlay, juniors of the law firms were marshalled to canvass the city, and the party drums began to call the faithful to the colors throughout the great expanse of rural territory. But here, in the city suburbs and along the hundred and forty miles of coast line, new drums were beating and it was the CCF which was rallying the clans and building up its organization among the people. Their candidate was a shipwright from the Dockyard and for months he had been holding rallies and meeting the voters. He talked their language, and he knew their problems. The CCF, moreover, was calling for better housing, for price control, and for local industries, and when the voting was over, the Socialist party had broken into second place, the Liberals had held the seat, and the Conservatives were completely routed. The general verdict was that this was the end of the Tories in Nova Scotia. All that was now necessary was a decent burial and a proper monument. A doleful post-election convention was held in November and the president—George Nowlan—resigned. But the funeral service was not read. Robert Stanfield, brother of Frank Stanfield, Conservative M.P. from Truro, was prevailed upon to try a resurrection. Prominent people, including a well-known radio figure, are being approached to accept the leadership, and no doubt good bait is being offered. To date, no one seems to want to become skipper of the derelict.

The opening of the York-Sunbury seat in August sent a thrill of hope coursing through the hearts of Canadian Tories. York Sunbury was a traditionally Conservative seat—one of the best in the Dominion for the Party. Here was a chance to redeem the Nova Scotia losses and to restore prestige. Again the brain trust was moved east. Again the bright-colored posters—larger this time—again the newspaper space, the Bracken invasion complete with teas and garden parties; again the solemn rallying of the clans to participate in the Conservative comeback. This time too, a genuine program was offered. The program which the CCF had used so successfully in Halifax was adopted by the Tories—pensions of fifty at sixty-five, health services, natural products marketing act, housing, and all the rest. But in vain. When the smoke of battle cleared the Liberals had almost four thousand more votes than the Conservatives and the CCF had raised its vote from 1,600, where it stood in 1945, to 3,500. Conservative headquarters that night was a gloomy place and throughout the constituency party workers shook their heads. The opinion was freely expressed that since the CCF seemed to be on the make everywhere the thing to do next time was to vote CCF and trim the Liberals. For the Liberal machine had again demonstrated its ability to garner the votes in spite of high prices, lack of homes, and universal grumbling against the Government. "A million dollar election" this was called and certainly money flowed like water and the ante never seemed to be too high if a vote was involved. Old timers declared that never in their memory was so much liquor freely available.

Within two weeks Premier Jones of Prince Edward Island called a provincial election in that Province. The Tories were on the run in the Maritimes and their morale was low.

Moreover, the packing plant strike gave the Liberals a golden opportunity to appeal to the farmers on an anti-labor cry while at the same time forcing the Conservative leader, Dr. MacMillan, to side with labor since his seat was in Charlottetown, and he had to protect his own position. But the calling of the election coincided with the removal of feed subsidies by the federal Government and the consequent disastrous effects of this upon the Island livestock industry. In this the Tories saw possibilities. By channelling farm indignation against the Provincial Liberal regime they might pull a win and restore their position. P.E.I. had a record of violent swings from one party to another, and one Tory summed it up in the words: "Here is a Heaven-sent opportunity." The CCF was not strong. It had polled an insignificant vote in 1943 and even at nomination day had only sixteen out of thirty candidates in the field. But, in spite of another all-out campaign, the tide could not be turned. The voters cut Tory representation in the Provincial House from ten to six and the Liberal strength increased to twenty-four. The CCF did not save a single deposit, but they had run strong candidates, their prestige had increased enormously and their vote was almost three times the 1943 figure and stood at over 3,900.

The trend indicated by these results is fairly clear. The Liberal party is still very strong in the Maritime Provinces. It has a long-established and efficient machine everywhere. Through long experience Liberal party workers know where the solid vote is and they know which voters are corruptible and just what it takes to keep them in line. The Liberals, too, can point to good roads, to improved educational facilities, to pensions, and to better social services for which they claim the credit. But at the same time there is little popular enthusiasm for the party. Almost everyone admits that it is corrupt, and that it should go, but its power over jobs, its long arm of vengeance against the rebel, its thorough knowledge of last-minute election-day techniques, as well as the survival of old family loyalties to "The Party" combine to keep Liberal votes pouring into the ballot boxes.

The Progressive Conservative party is on the way out. In Nova Scotia it is finished as a political force. Diehards of the old guard will likely fight another election, but they will find great difficulty in securing campaign workers. In the other two provinces the Conservatives, while still strong, know that their days are numbered. They have despaired of beating the Liberals and the more progressive element among them is turning to the CCF as the only alternative. Enthusiasm for their cause is lacking. They have no program to offer, and a dearth of younger people entering their ranks is apparent.

The CCF seems to be definitely on the move throughout the Maritime area. In Nova Scotia it has the Official Opposition in the House, although with only two members. The smashing gain in Halifax which brought it 16,000 votes increased the party prestige enormously and spurred the Liberals to feverish organizational activity. The provincial CCF organization is being strengthened and membership is steadily growing. After strenuous attempts to reorganize rural Halifax County during the fall, the Liberals have announced that the government's plan of a year ago to increase the number of legislative seats in the area has been dropped and the seats will go to other constituencies. The Labor movement in the Province, having long tried pressing the Liberal administration for reforms without avail, is now beginning to take political action with the CCF more seriously than heretofore. CCF leaders in the Province speak optimistically of the future.

In New Brunswick, with a provincial election due in 1948, the CCF is still relatively weak. A few strong centres are

building up and the York-Sunbury by-election gave impetus to the work in and around the capital city of Fredericton. Organization work is going on, mainly by volunteers, and an organizational fund is being raised for the purpose of putting full-time workers in the field as soon as possible. In Prince Edward Island the situation is about the same as in New Brunswick. A great deal of educational work was done during the provincial election campaign which is already bearing fruit, even though it did not result in votes at the time. On the night after the election the Summerside Town Hall was packed with candidates and party workers. Plans were laid to take on a full-time organizer and a strong finance committee was set up to raise the necessary funds. Throughout all three provinces the CCF seems to be pretty well taken for granted as the party of the future. "It's coming" is the verdict of the average citizen. As the economic crisis deepens in the Maritimes people in increasing numbers will be turning to it as the way out. If the party can build up strong leadership and effective organization quickly enough it might well be that CCF governments will be formed here before too many years have passed.

A Liberal Cabinet minister returning from York Sunbury was talking to a friend on the Macadam station platform and a CCF trainman caught this remark: "The men who meet me are in their fifties and sixties while the men who meet Coldwell are in their twenties and thirties." The political situation in the Maritimes will bear close watching during the immediate future. The coming depression is already casting its shadow across these provinces. Political cynicism is rife. Over thirty thousand people did not vote at all in the Halifax election—five thousand more than the total Liberal vote. These could not be bought by the old parties. If the CCF can mobilize them during the coming period, they well might change the whole picture, and change it rapidly. One thing is certain—the political scene is changing in the Maritimes. New lines are being drawn, and what the future will bring depends entirely upon the ability and imagination of those who lead the Liberal and CCF parties during the next few years, and in their ability to convince the electorate that they and they alone have the solution to the desperate problems which will be facing the area.

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Nationalism and Socialism in Nigeria

James Hanson

Adult suffrage, a representative legislature, and executive council responsible to that legislature are sought after by Nnamdi Azikiwe and his followers in Nigeria, West Africa. Nigeria is equal in size to the United Kingdom, France and Belgium put together.

► IN NIGERIA, the largest part of Britain's colonial Empire, a movement compounded of nationalism and socialism is gathering strength. What to do about labor and political unrest in this West African territory is a major headache of colonial policy for Attlee's government.

The movement is centred around the National Council for Nigeria and the Cameroons, an organization founded two years ago, with independence of Nigeria's 23,000,000 Africans from Britain and the raising of their standard of living its admitted objects. This united front is composed of over a hundred tribal, professional, trade and craft unions of Africans, totalling over 7,000,000. The two main unions that provide much of the driving force of the National Council are the Railway Workers' Union led by M. A. Imoudu, and the African Civil Servants and Technical Workers Union (ACSTWU) which comprises seventeen subordinate union organizations of workers engaged in transport, communication, and other government services. Together these unions form the backbone of the Trades Union Congress of Nigeria, which controls 400,000 organized African workers, and which in turn is the source of the discipline and energy of the National Council.

Also associated with the National Council are political units, such as the Youth Movement, headed by Maja, and the National Democratic Party, headed by Nnamdi Azikiwe, who is also President of the National Council, and a member of the Legislative Council. There are political units as well as tribal organizations associated with the National Council. Chiefs of the various Hausa, Ibo, Yoruba and Fulani tribes, disgruntled by the exercise of control by British Residents, are supporting the purely nationalist side of the NCNC. In the *West African Pilot* for September 9, 1947, one of the emirs of Northern Nigeria declared: "The British government now has a chance to change their attitude toward us; if they do change we must co-operate; if not, we must push the British out of our lands at all costs, and do the best we can for ourselves."

In the same National Council to which the emirs are explicitly or implicitly giving their support, in order to terminate the system of indirect rule, there are substantial elements who oppose rule by the emirs and would willingly push them into the sea together with the British. The cry of "Africa Irredenta" is raised not only against the agents of the British Colonial Office, against the British companies like Unilever and its subsidiary the United African Company, but also, in the long run, against petty domestic tyrants. For the moment these disparate movements are welded together into a coherent movement by the leadership of Nnamdi Azikiwe.

It took several decades for the British administrators of India to learn that India would not tolerate foreign rule,

and it is taking an appreciably longer time for the Western World to learn that people of dark skins have long been convinced that "good government is no substitute for self-government." It comes as rather a shock to learn that in Nigeria an effective nationalist and socialist movement is taking the field. The average Canadian is usually unable to identify Nigeria any more definitely than "somewhere in Africa." Outside of the United Kingdom itself, Nigeria on a population basis is the largest unit, with the exception of India, in either the Commonwealth or Empire. Inadequate and antiquated census figures give the population as near 23,000,000; African nationalists claim it is nearer 30,000,000. The population is made up of a variety of tribes grouped roughly into four related groups—the Ibo, Hausa, Yorubi, and Fulani. The capital, Lagos, is a Crown Colony, but the rest of Nigeria is a protectorate. British rule, following the pattern laid down in Lord Lugard's standard *The Dual Mandate in Tropical Africa*, is achieved by the giving of advice by the local Residents to the emirs, with whom there are treaty arrangements giving specific trading and governing privileges to the British.

Nigeria has a considerable volume of natural resources. There are some economic minerals, and there is a wide variety of agricultural products. In the early days the area was controlled by a chartered company which set up posts along the central Nigeria River. With the advent of direct rule by the Crown the commercial interests were somewhat decentralized and no longer remained the prerogative of a chartered company. However, the main business interest is the United Africa Company, a subsidiary of the Unilever organization. It is mainly concerned with the export of copra and palm oil, the last a product of growing importance in a world short of oils. Lever Brothers have a virtual monopoly of this main industry of Nigeria. In 1943 they amassed profits of \$26,000,000.

The spectacle of white monopoly capital has prompted educated and intelligent Nigerians to turn to varieties of socialism as an alternative. In nationalist editorials the rule of the Colonial Office is castigated in the same breath as the amassing of profits through the use of low-wage African labor. The average Nigerian worker probably identifies capitalism and British rule. Though the black in Nigeria has escaped the harsh social and economic discrimination that has been meted out to Africans, Indians, and mixed blood peoples in South Africa, he feels that the struggle for existence—a mild description of African life—has become more difficult because of the gradual inroads of capitalism.

At the same time, emirs ruling under treaty regulations and no doubt controlled to some extent by the Colonial Office, except in purely local and tribal matters, are anxious to throw off British control. They rather naively imagine that if they could free the country from European control it would mean that more control would pass directly to them. However, it is safe to assume that this would hardly be so, if only for the reason that the people who are largely responsible for the success of the nationalist movement are at the same time socialist, with a fairly clearly thought-out objective in terms of co-operative ownership and improved standards of living for all Africans, and a comprehensive program for the achievement of such goals.

The movement is clearly dominated by the President of the NCNC Nnamdi Azikiwe. To the teachers of the various universities where Azikiwe studied he was known by his mission name of Benjamin Zik, but he has reverted to the Ibo name which is properly his own. His full name and title is Dr. the Hon. Nnamdi Azikiwe, M.A., M.Sc., LL.D., D.Litt., Member of the Legislative Council. Zik and his friends form the most coherent and closely organized group

in Nigeria; they make themselves heard through Zik's Press Ltd., which published the *West African Pilot* and the *Daily Comet*, both brilliantly critical of government policy. For the moment Zik's energies are concentrated on the purely nationalist objective of getting rid of the British, for which end he is able to get the co-operation of the emirs and small African business class. To the British, Zik appears a somewhat naive African with a thin veneer of western learning, and some delusions of grandeur. Such a judgment is underestimating Zik. Through his five newspapers he is able to reach some 25,000 readers, a large proportion of the literate population. His journalism is exaggerated and extreme, without great regard for the facts, but all told, skillful and effective. The sharp issues of British rule versus rule by Africans are clearly set out in tune with the restlessness which has been stirring African peoples from the Cape northward.

In Nigeria, with a system of education and native participation in administration that would be envied by blacks in the Union of South Africa, and by the Bantu peoples of Africa's East coast, the first signs of the coming struggle for power between European minorities and vast African majorities are appearing. Of the deep issue involved in his campaign for self-government, for both political and economic freedom of Africans, Zik is well aware. As a practitioner of the arts of spellbinding and political showmanship he ranks with Huey Long and Pappy O'Daniel, and is wont to call himself the African Gandhi, the Jungle George Washington, or the William Randolph Hearst of the Tropics. In his book, *Without Bitterness*, Nwafor Orizu discusses the ideological content of Zikism. While it would be highly inaccurate to say that Zik has no philosophy or theory worth discussing, it would be an error to concentrate upon the idea of Zikism, as his movement has come to be known. In Orizu's book Zik is described as the founder of a New Philosophy for New Africa, yet Orizu is manifestly incapable of giving any consistent statement of what this new philosophy involves.

It is enough to describe Zikism as an all-embracing movement—that is, a movement that erects no barriers of tribes or religion—which is concerned mainly with the achievement of self-government and some form of socialism appropriate to a land of small cultivators and small industries. It uses the language of the brotherhood of man to espouse a mild racism and nationalism, and the fairly standard concepts of democratic socialism to crystallize the demands of African workers for a higher standard of living.

The strength of the movement, in terms of practical politics, was demonstrated in the summer of 1945 when a virtual general strike was organized. The ACSTWU went on strike on June 21, 1945 for a basic wage of 50c a day, and a 50 per cent increase in the schedule of Cost of Living Allowances which had remained stationary since 1942. The strike lasted for forty-four days, at the end of which time a large portion of the workers' demands had to be granted by the government because of the inoperation of the country's essential services. The *Pilot* and the *Comet* were suppressed for alleged misreporting of official interviews. The strike was led by M. A. Imoudu who had recently returned from a two-and-one-half year exile for leading a railway strike in 1942. Successful strikes involving over 150,000 men are obviously the results of careful planning and intelligent direction; to write off such activities as 'unrest' is hardly an accurate estimate of political awareness of Africans.

The crux of the expressed Nigerian grievance is political, though the greater evils are undoubtedly the effects of exploitation by Western capital of low-wage African labor. The lack of a direct and responsible voice in their own

government is the primary concern of the politically conscious. Only four out of thirty members on the Legislative Council are elected, the rest, though in the majority African, are government appointees. The cabinet of emirs is the effective instrument of indirect rule; but rising political awareness indicates that it will not long remain effective. It was a method of government appropriate to colonialism when the Niger delta was the scene of bitter tribal wars, and when there were no Azikiwes to bring back to Nigeria western concepts of political and economic freedom. The new constitution recently suggested by Governor Richards would increase the African majority on the Council but would not widen the suffrage or increase the number of elected members from the narrow electorate. There are slightly over one thousand qualified voters in Lagos and Calabar, the area to which suffrage is restricted.

Specifically, Zik and his followers demand adult suffrage, a representative legislature, and executive council responsible to that legislature, and real restrictions upon the reserve power of the governor. Generally, they want a ten-year period of government by a regime half-British and half-African, followed by the opportunity to choose between dominion status or national status outside the Commonwealth. Their demands are expressed in a series of charters covering the organization of the central government, the administrative services, the rights of women, the educational system, which Zik took with him to London and presented to Colonial Secretary Arthur Creech Jones last September.

The Colonial Office is inclined to smile at Zik, but there can be no doubt that his activity is forcing the pace of colonial reform. The temper of Nigerians, and in varying degrees of the whole colonial world, has changed and quickened considerably through the war years. Africans in the services thought out the issues of the war in many aspects more clearly than did the rank and file of white armies. To revert to the status of dependent and inferior people seems clearly not to have been one of their war aims. It will be impossible for colonial powers to continue to hold colonial peoples in their pre-war status without using force. In London at least there is now a willingness to concede that in the long run the aim of the colonial peoples must be self-government, and that the job of the colonial administrator is to help them achieve that objective. The political climate of post-war England is not hostile to colonial independence but the appropriate degree of self-government to be granted and the measures to be taken remain a problem for even a Labor government.

A Toast to Prohibition

Donald Peterson

► DRINK, MY HEARTIES, as Prince Edward Islanders do, to that province's Prohibition Law. Canada's smallest province is the only one with such an act but it doesn't prevent Islanders from drinking as much, or perhaps more, than fellow-citizens in other provinces.

Less than three years ago, Prince Edward Island had a prohibition act with teeth in it. The teeth were jail sentences. A middle-aged man told me in Charlottetown not long ago that he had been sent to penitentiary for four years for operating a small still that would give him a drink when he wanted one. At that, he was luckier than most who were caught up in the toils of the act. He received a pardon after two and a half years for good behavior. He had been thrown in with some of the toughest criminals in New Brunswick's Dorchester penitentiary, the major Maritime penal institution. A man with more gumption than most, he was able to shake off most of the ill effects of the experience and today he holds a respectable job in a respectable community. Many others weren't able to do this and turned to trades picked up from actual criminals in prison. This, of course, presented a wonderful argument for the Temperance Federation which said that if these men had not "taken to drink" they would never have been dragged down to a "life of sin."

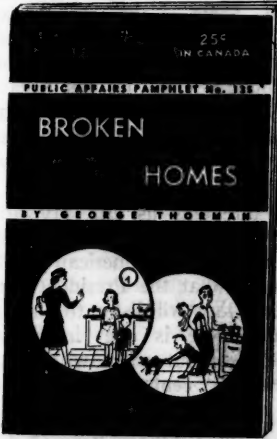
Less than three years ago, in the fall of 1945, the Liberal government passed the Cullen Amendment, designed to please both the wets and the dries. It does neither and its only saving grace seems to be that Islanders can and do laugh at it as heartily as anyone else. Though certainly less cruel than the old Prohibition Act, it would be difficult to imagine a more hypocritical piece of legislation. Many self-conscious persons in the province claim that it makes Prince Edward Island the laughing-stock of Canada. There is a measure of truth in this.

That others may get some sort of warning how prohibition, even in modified form, works, let us take a look at this ridiculous Prohibition Act. To begin with, the Act specifies that liquor, wine or beer may be purchased for "medicinal purposes only." A doctor's prescription—known familiarly as a "script" in the Island—must be obtained before one can acquire a permit. The permit is good for six months. The common crack is that it is an amazing thing how Islanders can know they are going to be ill six months in advance.

Compared to the old law, this means a lot less walking and far, far fewer visits to the doctor. Before the Cullen Amendment a person had to go to a doctor for a "script" each time he wanted to make a purchase. A "script" costs one dollar. So does a permit. Thus the wets have to lay out four dollars each year regardless of any purchases they make at the government liquor stores, where clerks are frequently referred to as "medicine men."

Liquor, beer and wine are rationed, which, under a prohibition act, seems logical. A person may buy one bottle of liquor, one bottle of wine or one case of beer a week. But—he has to alternate. If the purchaser buys beer one week he has to ask for liquor or wine the next, and vice versa. This, at least, makes the Islander more discriminating in his choice of drinks than other Canadians who are apt to gulp the same drink for years.

An odd sequence to the whole business is that liquor control is invested in the Attorney-General's department. Thus



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one man, in this case Attorney-General Frederic Large, not only sells beer and liquor but prosecutes the person who might buy it out of turn. Mr. Large held a seat in the Legislature for more than three years before he had to run to win it. He finally assumed rightful ownership, so to speak, in the general election in the province in December. Why he was never forced to run in a by-election has never been properly explained. The Liberal party said faintly that he was about the only lawyer they had. They could not afford to take a chance on losing him.

The Prohibition Act has been a godsend to the bootleggers, and the Island crawls with them. People say that bootleggers and the Temperance Federation, though at opposite ends of the bottle, support each other magnificently in the fight to maintain prohibition. A bottle of cheap bootleg liquor—cheap in the sense that it is poor stuff—costs between ten and twelve dollars in Charlottetown and the price advances on week-ends to about fourteen dollars. Beer is fifty cents a pint.

In the case of the tourist, he also must be sick. He may pick up a permit, good for a single purchase only, from the Travel Bureau, but it must be signed by a doctor. During the weeks preceding the election, these chits were floating about like leaves on an autumn wind. I was in Charlottetown some time before the election and came by one of these blanks without too much trouble. I filled in my name as the purchaser (that is, the ill person) and then, below, as the certifying doctor, with a casual M.D. after the name. The permit was honored. The doctors don't care for the awkward position the Act places them in, but look upon it as an evil to be put up with. After all, it's the law, and they must observe it like anyone else.

None of the three parties made an issue of the Act in the election campaign. The CCF probably came out strongest in its manifesto but it left the subject alone on the platform. Premier Jones admitted in a speech that he had not wanted to raise the matter at all but since the other two parties had brought it up he thought he should, too. In a skillful bit of sidestepping, the Progressive Conservatives said they would hold a plebiscite if a "representative number of electors" showed they wanted one. The CCF said, if elected, it would not only hold a plebiscite but carry out the wishes of the majority. This forced the Premier's hand and he, too, promised a referendum and set an actual date—June of this year.

What questions will appear on the ballot has not been mentioned. They may cancel each other out altogether and the Act will remain in its present dilapidated form or even assume a worse shape. The liquor question, in effect, is too hot a political issue to handle. On the one hand there is the strong temperance group and on the other the equally vociferous wets. What is a Liberal party to do—impale itself on a bottle by taking a firm step toward common-sense liquor regulations?

The Temperance Federation during the campaign tried to get candidates to sign pledges that if elected they would work for repeal of the "obnoxious" Cullen Amendment. It reported that some candidates had signed up but did not reveal how many or who they might be. It's a safe bet that those elected candidates who did sign—if any did—don't want the Federation to make any mention of it, not for a long, long time.

Subscribers are invited to send us the names of friends to whom we will send sample copies of *The Canadian Forum*.

Atomic Admonition

J. R. Stirrett

► IN A FORGOTTEN one-act play called "Der Tag," which critics have condemned as mere propaganda, but which on analysis proves a gem of dramatic art, J. M. Barrie pictures the Kaiser in a mental struggle as to whether or not he should give the order that will launch World War I. The German Chancellor and a representative of the German High Command bring before him for signature the fatal order. They adroitly allay his doubts and fears about the possible reaction of Belgium and Great Britain. They even dare to taunt his courage: "Buonaparte would have acted quickly." But the Kaiser insists on a little time alone, and the two officers reluctantly withdraw.

To the Kaiser alone in his study appears the Spirit of Culture, a noble female figure in white robes. With her he reverses the line he had just taken with the two officers and argues in favor of a declaration of war. But he is worsted in argument by her logic. Finally he is convinced, and his decision is: "There shall be peace." The officers are summoned before him and commanded to inform Germany's enemies that "so long as they keep within their boundaries, I remain in mine." But just as this happy ending seems complete, the thunderous report of an Allied gun awakes the Kaiser to the harsh reality that the war is on; and that his decision in favor of peace was but a dream.

In the Era of Atomic Power the role of the Spirit of Culture has been taken by the Atomic Scientists. Perhaps their first and strongest spokesman was Albert Einstein. In the November, 1945, issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* he said in effect to Uncle Sam: "The survival of mankind is now in peril by reason of the discovery by us scientists of the fission of the nucleus of the uranium atom. Go now, in humility and generosity, to the Russians and ask them to formulate for world consideration their own (Russian) plan for the international control of atomic energy. By thus placing the entire initiative in Russian hands, you will allay their suspicions and hostility."

Einstein's sage advice went unheeded. Uncle Sam formulated his own plan which was presented to Russia eight months later by Messrs. Baruch and Byrnes with the curt remark: "Take it or leave it." Then followed the "Get-tough-with-Russia" policy, and the launching on both sides of the "cold war." Except on the military level, hostilities between Russia and the Western Powers have already begun. The Atomic Scientists, having failed completely with Uncle Sam, gave up hope of peace. Some of them have even advocated political measures to "contain" Russia such as a federal scheme that omits Russia. But a noteworthy new move has just been made by Atomic Scientist Dr. Leo Szilard who in December dramatically appeared in the role of the Spirit of Culture, before Marshal Stalin! To the Russian Dictator, Dr. Szilard*, speaking for the majority of Atomic Scientists, has made this public plea:

"The danger of extinction threatens us all. My first specific suggestion is that you speak directly and personally to the American people once a month. The American people listen to their Presidents because what the President says to them may affect their lives and they will listen to you for exactly the same reason. But there is one important difference; your speech will be without effect with them unless it is felt to be one hundred per cent sincere. In your

*Dr. Leo Szilard is an Hungarian-born scientist refugee who in March, 1939, through Einstein first informed President Roosevelt that the dream of atomic power was close to becoming a reality.

speeches you (should) present to the American people a clear picture of a general settlement within the framework of a post-war reconstruction of the world, a settlement that would enable Russia and the United States to live in peace with each other."

At this moment the world awaits the answer of the Russian Dictator. The political scene is tense with dramatic suspense. The new official foreign policy of the United States appears hopelessly antiquated and pre-atomic. The plan for "containing" Russia as set forth by "X" in the July 1947 issue of *Foreign Affairs* makes no mention at all of the atomic bomb or the politics of atomic energy. Russia is simply there cited, in the traditional way, as "the Enemy" who must be "contained" by measures short of open war. Similarly, United States Senator James W. Fulbright, delivering the Marfleet Lectures at the University of Toronto in December 1947, urged the creation of a United States of Western Europe as a political means (also short of war) of "containing" Russia. One marvelled while listening to Senator Fulbright's eulogies of the principles of federalism, at his blindness to the possibilities of federalism with Russia herself in respect of the International Control of Atomic Energy. The Senator scarcely mentioned the atomic bomb and seemed utterly unaware of its immense political consequences. Senator Fulbright's lectures confirmed the verdict of most students of the Politics of Atomic Energy that the official policy of his country towards Russia is hopeless.

Twice the Atomic Scientists have spoken. Subsequent events have tragically vindicated the counsel of Einstein to the United States. Will Stalin also be deaf to Dr. Szilard's eleventh hour appeal or will he make this desperate occasion the zenith of his destiny by saying to Uncle Sam: "You call off your atomic war and I will do the same. Let us build together the structure of world peace which I herewith set, in detail before you."

A Portrait of Virginia Owens

John Porter Heymann

(SHORT STORY)

► "YOUR CHILD will look beautiful," I tell Mrs. Blank. "Look at the poise and grace she has, and she's only three."

Up the street, at Mrs. Rank's, I say, "Benny will photograph beautifully." I pat his little head and say, "Wontcha, Benny?" Then I look up and remark with seriousness to his mother, "Already he has poise and grace, a lot of it."

She's rummaging in her handbag for the fifty cents — you pay our agent fifty cents and you pay the remaining fifty when your child is photographed at the Studio — and I'm scribbling the name and address down with my Crypto pencil.

"Thank you, Mrs. Rank. I'm sure you'll be pleased with the results."

It's almost over now. The half-dollar (fortunately she had the right change, as I didn't, my fifty cents went for breakfast) is in my bag, and I've torn off the two-tone receipt and given it to her.

But Benny must wave good-by. It's a social duty he's been taught and he's not very spontaneous about it.

"Wave by-by to the lady," Mrs. Rank coaches.

Benny gives me the fish eye.

I don't blame you, Benny. Fifty cents is a pretty small excuse for breaking into a child's privacy. I wish I didn't

have to say good-by to you, either. But it's only proper to close a sale with a smile. You'll be selling the same kind of a smile yourself someday. So loosen up, Ben.

"A pretty smile for the nice lady, Benny, darling," Mrs. Rank is a pleasant prompter, and I note the adjective.

Yes, Virginia, you're nice. You're doing a nice thing, going around like this to bring happiness to whole families at fifty cents a throw. A child's picture is a treasure. Well, by God, it is at that. Why can't I get the proper tone?

Ah, Benny's got it. He's as genial as a new dollar bill, making it possible for me to concentrate all my God-given energies on another child at the same price.

"Good morning!"

"Uh-huh. What do you want?"

"But it's me, dear Lord, your own little pedlar, Virginia."

"Why so it is now. Well, Virginia, what have you got?"

"Pictures, Lord. Reflections of others. Contracts for them, at least. At fifty cents a throw, I make a living for myself this way."

"I'm sorry, Virginia. But we all have to do something."

"I can see myself in pleasanter roles. This is gruelling."

"Haven't you got a car, Virginia?"

"What man would buy me a car, dear Lord? I'm homely and I'm honest. Think of two better disqualifications."

"And yet you are not always bitter, Virginia. Sometimes you do well."

"One day I sold eighteen pictures, Lord. Eighteen lovely children were entered that day for the grand prize of five hundred dollars. Only one child from a family may enter the contest, but if desired, the same quality photograph may be secured for additional children at the special contest price, fifty cents to me, fifty cents to the Studio later. I made nine bucks that day. But I worked from nine in the morning until ten that night. I made enough to pay my rent, and some over for a good meal or two. But I couldn't do this every day, Lord. My feet are against it. Some days I make three dollars, some days only one. Then there are days I can't get going at all and sit around in the parks and think it over."

"As you're doing now, Virginia, talking to me when you had better be talking to some mother. Not that I dislike your company, Virginia. But you should go where the money is if you wish to survive in its world."

"I'm going, Lord."

Someday I'm going to be talking it up for a prize photo: Your child is really the most precious memory you have. And fortunately you can preserve that memory, year by year. Our prices are really remarkable — I'm going to be piling it on for that fifty cents, (and I can take other orders, too, if I can get them) and someone's going to say, "I suppose you have children of your own?"

Well, dear mother, why shouldn't you suppose this? See how lovely I am with the little ones. How naturally I respond to their idiotic little byplay. I love children. What folly it would be for me to give you any other thought. Every child in the city is worth fifty cents to me. Not many people can say that. Not honestly. For most people, the children of others are a pleasant abstraction. With me they are grim business, a reality, a challenge.

Yet I don't use up all my possibilities. When I talk with some women, I do drop a hint that if their little boys ever go to war, it will be cheerful to have their boyhood, natural-tinted, to set next to that snappy lad in uniform. But when I venture into some neighborhood that has been recently fascinated by a particularly juicy sex murder, I soft-peddle the fact that sex is rampant in a great number of people and wouldn't it be nice to have a photo of Eileen in her years of innocence. I don't like to mention death when I sell this

same special offer, minus the prizes, to adults. The temptation is there, though.

"Good afternoon! . . . How do you do? . . . Could I have just a minute? . . . My isn't it warm! . . . You see? (and I flash the sample at them) . . ."

Twenty, forty, sixty doors a day. Up three flights, then the basement apartment. So many meals, so many dollars on the rent, clothes, laundry, cigarettes. Even the lending library costs me money. And I like a cocktail once in a while, too. So many calls will average so many sales. I've never figured it out, but intend to.

Is it really brushing against people's privacy to ring their bell and ask them to buy? I'm sorry, folks. But if I didn't, some other guy would. Besides, I'm brutalizing my own privacy every time someone comes to the door. This hurts me more than it does you, etcetera.

Why do I sit around and worry about offending the public? Because I'm a dope. I think about not selling. *Sell, Sell, Sell!* That's the thing. To sell like hell. Life can be beautiful then. Still, I sold eighteen one day.

But not today.

"One picture is worth a thousand words."

Who said that? I could use him. I could use a helper in this racket. A hundred refusals, divided by two, and maybe I wouldn't give a damn if little Benny ever smiled good-by.

"Good evening!"

French Tapestries in New York *Betty Maw*

► AT THE EXHIBITION of French Tapestries now on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York are two hundred of the finest examples produced in France from the fourteenth century to the present day. They have been lent from public and private collections and the show was arranged by the French Government, that we on this side of the Atlantic may enjoy some of the most outstanding masterpieces of French art ever to be seen on this continent.

In the Gothic period, miniatures were a favorite source of subject matter, and although sometimes copied very closely they were more frequently simplified and stylized to the needs of tapestry design. In every case the design is direct in treatment, the modelling so subtle as to be almost two-dimensional. This quality is further emphasized by the use of very high horizon lines, by lessening the difference in scale between figures in the foreground and those in the distance, or by pure fantasy in the arrangement of groups of figures against a "millefleur" background, which is, as the name implies, a background of a thousand flowers. Sometimes this is broken by the introduction of small animals and birds which add both to the design and entertainment value. The color range used by designers of that period was limited, consisting of between thirty and forty shades, and these were fairly close in tone. The tapestries were usually made in sets to cover the walls of a room or suite of rooms and frequently hung from ceiling to floor. The earliest and most important examples are a selection from a set called *The Apocalypse*, woven in Paris by Nicolas Bataille for Louis I, Duke of Anjou, in the second half of the fourteenth century.

During the fifteenth century the town of Arras was the most important tapestry-weaving centre in France. Its name

The priceless French tapestries that were in London last year have crossed the Atlantic to New York before they return to France. Miss Betty Maw, Assistant Keeper in the Department of Textiles at the Royal Ontario Museum, reviews the show.

became synonymous with tapestry and as such is still used. From its looms came the two tapestries from a set illustrating *The History of Clovis*. These celebrated hangings, each about fifteen feet high and thirty feet wide, show numerous incidents from the life of Clovis, and illustrate a device for distributing interest over the whole area of a tapestry by breaking it up and depicting a number of different scenes from the same story. Consequently we find Clovis appearing three or four times in each tapestry.

Of the millefleur tapestries, by far the most beautiful is *The Lady with the Unicorn* set from the Cluny Museum, woven about 1500. Five of these illustrate the five senses; the sixth, *Mon Seul Désir*, remains an enigma. Each contains a central group of the Lady, the Unicorn, and other birds and beasts upon a blue mound flanked by tall trees. These are superimposed upon a glowing red background of millefleurs, small animals and birds. Perfect balance has been maintained between the central group and the patterned background, and everything about them enchants the eye.

Early in the sixteenth century the influences of the Renaissance descended upon tapestry design. More realism was introduced into the composition of the designs, the grading of tones and the color range, conforming with the Renaissance style in painting. Borders played a more important part and became heavy with ornament, festoons of fruit and flowers, and medallions.

An interesting set showing the transition between the Gothic and Renaissance styles is *The Life of the Virgin* from Rheims Cathedral treasury which was presented to the cathedral in 1530 by Archbishop Robert de Lenoncourt. The set consists of seventeen hangings, eight of which are shown in the New York exhibition. Essentially Gothic in feeling, the architectural decorations and part of the border patterns are Renaissance.

In the seventeenth century the two great national factories were established in France, those of Gobelins and Beauvais. The former, subsidized by the crown and set up to produce sets of tapestries for the royal residences, produced some of the most outstanding work of the century, the most celebrated being the set *The History of a King*. Depicting scenes from the life of Louis XIV they have all the heavy grandeur and elegance which typified his court. They were designed by Charles Lebrun, art director of the Gobelins factory, and he appears to have exerted every effort to make them as regal as possible. The figures are life size, (several copies were made of this series in which the figures are smaller) with Louis XIV as the focal point, surrounded by gorgeously robed courtiers against a background of ornate furnishings or a dramatic battle scene. Lavish use has been made of gold and silver threads, particularly in the borders, which adds to the pervading air of luxury.

The finest work produced by the Beauvais factory, on the other hand, reflects the gay frivolity of the court during the eighteenth century in the pastoral and mythological scenes designed by François Boucher. Unfortunately their delicacy has resulted in tragedy. By the eighteenth century the colors used by tapestry weavers numbered in the thousands and many of the subtlest shades were not permanent. They have faded, leaving large flat areas of what is now

called tapestry color, and many of the tapestries of that period have suffered in consequence.

There are no examples from the nineteenth century included in the exhibition. Although much work was produced in the French factories at that time, it was for the most part copies or re-arrangements of earlier designs, which satisfied the demand of the period.

We come now to the twentieth century and the amazing revival of tapestry designing which has been taking place in France in recent years, the most notable of which has been done at the Aubusson factory. This is no new name in the history of tapestries as Aubusson was a tapestry-weaving centre in the seventeenth century with a long weaving tradition before that. However, it never attained the heights of excellence reached by the Gobelins and Beauvais factories. Under the direction of Madame Culotti a series of tapestries were produced from paintings by Picasso, Roualt, Dufy, Léger, and Lurçat. It is the last named, Jean Lurçat, who, through his talent for design and knowledge of the technical problems related to tapestry weaving, has contributed most of the revival. His experiments have led him back to the basic principles underlying Gothic tapestry design and he has used them as media through which he expresses his own ideas of design and color as have Marc Saint-Saens, Marcel Gromaire, and other artists represented in the modern group. Lurçat lays great stress on the decorative function of tapestries. His designs are fantasies of stylization and symbolism, and his colors limited to fifteen or twenty in number. Illusions of more colors are achieved by ingeniously breaking up his color masses with dots and dashes of other colors.

A whole room has been devoted to the technical aspect of tapestries. Here the weave is explained. Tapestry weave is a cord weave comprising comparatively heavy warp threads which are completely covered by fine weft threads. The weft threads do not run from selvedge to selvedge but only as far as required by color. It is an extremely slow and exacting weave, and one that can be done only by hand. It takes many months to complete a tapestry even though the technique does allow several weavers to work together on the same tapestry. The designs from which the weavers work and illustrations of the types of looms and materials used are also shown. This display is one of the most important features as it gives the visitor a fuller understanding of what goes into making a tapestry, and a greater respect for the tapestries in this magnificent exhibition.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► FOR YEARS we have taken for granted that it is not necessary, even for a critic, to see every individual film which comes out of Hollywood in order to be a competent judge of the Hollywood movie; having seen one or two musical extravaganzas, for example, with or without technicolor, we have thankfully exercised what we hold to be a legitimate privilege and avoided the rest. This policy of careful selection enables us to maintain toward movies in general a childlike attitude of expectancy and potential delight, a set of what strikes the truly omnivorous fan as absurdly high standards of movie entertainment, and a perennial capacity for furious disappointment when the expectancy is betrayed and the standards flouted. This month, however, responding to pressure from a see-them-all-before-you-judge theorist, we inspected *The Road to Rio* (Bing

Crosby and Bob Hope), and *The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer* (Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, Shirley Temple), which ordinarily we would dismiss as defying rational discussion. We emerged with an even more jaundiced view of American movie comedy than before, and a resolution to return next month to our original position of commenting only on films which are passable entertainment to begin with, and ignoring absolute tripe with a spotless conscience.

Meanwhile it is painfully clear that as far as run-of-the-mill pictures are concerned, Hollywood comedy is worse now than it was in the days of the Keystone cops. It is not our intention to indulge in any speculation about what makes people laugh; all we are prepared to say is that these pictures did not make us laugh; and why. *The Road to Rio*, which made us laugh least, purveys a distinctly American type of comedy and is in fact a carry-over from radio comedy to movies. Its appeal is based largely on the wise-crack, an elementary verbal series of insults and ripostes between two people, delivered at breakneck speed to conceal the poverty of the wit, and in a flat monotone to avoid the necessity of dramatic talent on the part of the combatants. In a movie, of course, these lacunae become painfully obvious, and the performance degenerates into an exhibition of *hamming*, an activity to be sharply distinguished from *clowning*, an ancient and honorable profession followed with the maximum of success in Hollywood movies by the Marx Brothers. The weight of the *Road* pictures is carried as a rule by Bing Crosby, who has never done any acting in his life, and who strolls through any picture being himself—likeable and unassuming, but hardly what you could call a rich personality, so that even his pleasantries wear a little thin. There is an excruciatingly bad sequence in the *Road to Rio* in which nothing at all is said by anybody; everybody busily pulls everybody else's hat down over his ears. This kind of routine might be carried off successfully by almost any actor with some idea of physical technique, expression, and timing; Crosby and Hope demonstrate their complete lack of comic talent here with what is for us finality.

The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer is funnier than the *Road to Rio*, but not much. Cary Grant plays the part of an artist who has quite a reputation (undeserved, of course, but you know how people are), as a *roué*. His dismay at finding himself victimized by his own ambiguous behavior is really quite comic, and so, in a limited way, are his antics which he performs in order to escape from the absurd position of middle-aged knight-in-shining-armor to a seventeen-year-old girl. What really holds our fascinated attention, however, is the whole Hollywood conception of the normal American adolescent, to say nothing of its picture of an American court of law presided over by a female judge. . . . It was not, however, until we had seen *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* over again that we realized at least in part why it is that American movie *comedy* as a whole seems stale and flat (though by no means unprofitable, apparently). *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* is a very funny film, even on a second seeing, because Danny Kaye is an excellent mimic, and a virtuoso in the field of artificial comedy. Mitty's life in fantasy is intended however to contrast with his life as a typical suburbanite young man dominated by his mother and hag-ridden by the active malice of inanimate objects; this comedy of contrast was clear and genuinely humorous in Thurber's original story. Unfortunately nobody in Hollywood has the slightest idea of what real life is, and Hollywood's idea of what the real is is so fantastic that what results in the movie version of *Walter Mitty* is a confused kind of juxtaposition of two fantasies, neither of which has any relevance whatever to normal experience (supposing there is such a thing).

As a matter of fact, it has been suggested that Hollywood makes no real comic movies because it makes no really serious movies either. A comedy like the French *Baker's Wife*, or *The Well-Digger's Daughter*, for example, is good, and its comic range is so wide, because the serious theme of both these pictures is a common and very real set of human situations; and the best kind of comedy results where the comic element merges into, and out of, a fundamentally serious or realistic treatment of life. The only comedies from Hollywood studios we have ever seen which approximated these rather arbitrary requirements were made by Preston Sturges; and we wonder wistfully whatever became of him.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► THE NEW COLUMBIA RECORDING of Tchaikovsky's *Serenade for Strings, Opus 48*, played by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia orchestra, has many admirable qualities. First of all, the recorded sound is excellent, except on an especially sensitive machine. Columbia's orchestral recordings sometimes sound unpleasantly cold, but here the strings come across with considerable warmth. Secondly, the orchestra plays with verve, force, and a highly inflected phrasing. The standard recording, in the past, was made by Boult and the BBC symphony on Victor, and I had always found it adequate. After listening to the new Columbia release, however, I thought that the old performance sounded pretty sketchy and pallid. Certainly it is not inflected with any of the vitality that Ormandy gives. The new recording will, I feel sure, become the standard performance. Having said this, I wish also to make a couple of reservations. The Boult recording may be pallid in some respects, but it does, at least, present the work as a serenade and not a symphony. The Ormandy performance, good as it is, has pretensions that belong more to Tchaikovsky's large-scale symphonies than to this charming and rather modest work. Boult's approach is sounder basically than Ormandy's, but the latter carries out his intentions more effectively. The chief fault of this recording is, however, an outrageous cut in the last movement. The movement consists of a slow introduction, followed by the normal sonata-form (exposition, development and recapitulation), and concludes with a coda taken from the beginning of the serenade. Ormandy plays the introduction, leads into the exposition, and then continues as if he were playing the recapitulation. Thereupon the coda follows, and the work is at an end. At least a third of the movement has been omitted and the formal sense of it almost entirely eliminated. Imagine a sonata-form movement in which two of the three basic sections are not played! It seems incredible that a musician of Mr. Ormandy's position would commit such butchery, much less allow it to be circulated in his name.

As for the recording of Adam's *Giselle Ballet music*, which Constant Lambert and the Covent Garden orchestra plays for Columbia, it is well recorded and a pleasant enough set to play over once, but stimulates no desire in me to take the trouble of hearing it again.

Columbia has also released an album of French songs, sung by Lily Pons. I have always thought Miss Pons an overrated singer, who, at the same time, possessed certain undeniable good qualities, primarily vocal agility and an attractive purity of sound when singing coloratura in her high register. Her lower registers are much less impressive, and her flat and uninteresting phrasing reveals an obvious

gap in her musical intelligence. Certain roles, however, are suited to her very real talents: Rosina in the *Barber of Seville* and the coloratura roles in Donizetti. Her latest album, containing a number of French songs (all of them fairly recent), is neither very interesting in its material nor does it show her voice at its best. Most interesting to hear are the four songs by Darius Milhaud, which are terribly difficult and give Miss Pons an opportunity to display her technical agility, but the songs themselves are not Milhaud at his best, whatever that uncertain quality may be. Two songs by Faure are also in the album.

RECORDS RECEIVED—(To be reviewed later).

Mozart: *Concerto No. 4 in E-Flat Major*; Dennis Brain, Horn, with the Hallé Orchestra; Columbia set J-98.

Britten: *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra, Op. 34*; Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia set D-192.

Grofe: *Mississippi Suite*; Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra; Columbia set D-97.

Dvorak: *Humoresque*; Rimsky-Korsakov: *Flight of the Bumble Bee*; Wagner: *Tristan and Isolde-excerpts*, etc., etc.; Isaac Stern (violin) with Orchestra conducted by Franz Waxman; Columbia set D-191.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: A group of Winnipeg subscribers to *The Canadian Forum* have replied to the magazine's recent appeal for funds by organizing a Canadian Forum Discussion Club designed to promote wider local support for the magazine. The group will advise the editors of provincial and local issues which deserve national attention, and will suggest competent writers. A campaign for new subscribers is being conducted around a series of discussion meetings and already the group has increased the Winnipeg subscription list by 50 per cent.

At the first monthly meeting of the group on January 5 Mr. Fawcett Ransom, Secretary of the Manitoba Pool Elevators, led a discussion on the theory and practice of the co-operative movement. Discussions have been planned for succeeding meetings on such topics as the creative arts in Western Canada, labor on the prairies, and civil liberties in Manitoba.

The Winnipeg group feels that this experiment might interest Forum supporters in other cities. For further information write to the Secretary, Mrs. Harry Gutkin, 32 McAdam Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Malcolm Ross, The University of Manitoba,
Winnipeg, Man.

The Editor: This outburst is prompted by a perusal of your January number and if you stuff it in the waste basket I shall not be surprised. The Forum wishes to achieve something—a change, may I say?—in the world, and in Canada in particular, for the better. Yet you make your appeal only to the mind. And that is, I begin to believe, fatal and futile. If you wish to make Canada a better place to live in, your appeal must be both to the heart and mind. After reading through the January number, what have I? A few ideas rolling round in my mind. But I have no intention whatsoever of implementing them, of doing anything. I shall go on in exactly the same old way as before, hoping something will be done, by the other man or woman. Personally I always turn to the short story or the description of some notable man or woman. Why? Because I am hungry to get some feeling, even if it is only second-hand, of a living creature. But your stories are always drab and depressing. They always end on a sour note. And that is not really

true. There is still joy and pleasure in the world, still love and honesty, still gaiety and unselfishness. Why don't you seek these out and give them to us, instead of this perpetual intellectual dry-rot? The intellect has achieved precisely nothing in the last half-century, except to discover new and better ways to destroy us—the white races. What you want is a complete overhaul, put the intellect at the service of the heart.

Philip Amsden, Nelson, B.C.

The Editor: The Canadian Authors Association's drive to send second-hand books for the re-education of German youth is now well under way, particularly in the west. Public libraries in Victoria, Vancouver, and New Westminster are donating discards and also, by means of posters, urging the public to search their shelves for books or periodicals which would be of educational value in enlightening German young people as to the way of life in democratic countries.

May we urge your readers to do likewise, and to send individual bundles (4½ pounds allowed) or cases of 100 lbs. to:

Mr. Edwards,
Education Branch,
HA Mil. Gov.,
Stahlhof, Kassenerstrasse,
Dusseldorf, Germany.

University students are particularly interested in recent books concerning England, Germany, and Russia as well as European and peace problems, and scientific works. School children could make use of discarded readers, histories, etc. It should be stressed that UNESCO does not serve Germany. Yet it is in that country the greatest ignorance lies concerning the west.

Dorothy Livesay, North Vancouver, B.C. (for the C.A.A.)

Liberalism à la King

Frank H. Underhill

► ONE OF THE PLEASANT THINGS about our country at the present moment is that we have a prime minister who is also an author. This affords the final proof that we have achieved complete equality of status with Britain. The intellectual level of our Canadian politics would be considerably higher if we had a nucleus of leading politicians, such as Britain has always enjoyed, who find time to write books on politics or economics or history. What gives the British Labor party its easy superiority over the Tories is that the Labor cabinet is full of authors, whereas the opposition can only boast of one, even if he is a big one. But it must be said that this particular book* of Mr. King's does little to raise the intellectual standards of our public life.

Mr. King first published his *Industry and Humanity* in 1918 when he was not an active politician. In its original edition, with a large equipment of footnotes, it showed that he had been a genuine student of labor problems and was conversant with all the current discussion of the subject by experts in Britain and America. Even so, the book that emerged from his studies was mostly a collection of uplifting abstract moral platitudes; and it stood in striking contrast with a work such as that on *Industrial Democracy* by the Sidney Webbs which got down to concrete cases and discussed practical problems in a practical way.

The original *Industry and Humanity*, however, did devote a good deal of space to particular illustrations of the general principles which the author thought so important.

*INDUSTRY AND HUMANITY: The Right-Honorable W. L. Mackenzie King; Macmillan; pp. xxix, 270; \$4.00.

There was a long account of how he had himself applied his principles to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. There were discussions of the Whitley Councils in Great Britain, of schemes of "scientific management," "profit-sharing" and "co-partnership" in industry. And there was a very optimistic explanation of the workings of the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act. All these sections have been deleted from the present revision or drastically reduced. Is Mr. King no longer proud of what he accomplished in Colorado, which was denounced at the time by labor as an application of the company-union technique? Why doesn't he tell us more of the constitutional difficulties which his Industrial Disputes Investigation Act encountered, and which makes it appear much less significant now than it did in 1918?

What is left is a series of sermons on the so-called Law of Peace, Work and Health which Mr. King derived from a somewhat rhetorical passage of Pasteur. (According to press despatches he made a point of visiting Pasteur's grave again on his recent European trip.) That capital, labor, management and the community are all partners in industry is an admirable starting-point for a series of sermons; but like most sermons, Mr. King's never commit the preacher to anything much beyond abstract general principles. It is difficult to understand why a book of this kind can have gone through so many editions, unless it is widely collected by parsons as a source for sermon material on the labor question. Almost any of its chapters could be delivered verbatim most acceptably any Sunday morning from any Protestant pulpit. And like that too, too famous sermon on sin, these sermons also would leave their audience uncertain about most points except that the parson was against sin.

Perhaps remarks of this kind should be put down simply to the unreasonable bad temper of the reviewer. For the book has undoubtedly found a certain considerable market over the past twenty-five or thirty years. But a reviewer of a book by a prime minister is bound to raise another point. Since the first edition of this book was published Mr. King has been in office for some twenty years; he was chosen in 1919 as the Liberal leader partly because of his expert knowledge of labor questions. What has he done since then to apply these noble principles in action? His introduction has a curious footnote (p. xxvi): "The implications which stemmed from the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act gave a tremendous impetus to the development of collective bargaining in industrial relations. The Act, by its very nature, often led to what was tantamount to collective bargaining, but it was *de facto* and not a *de jure* process. Collective bargaining, in the modern acceptance of the term, was given form and substance, and made compulsory, in the Wagner Act of 1935." But where is the Canadian Wagner Act? Of course, constitutional difficulties under the B.N.A. Act have been in the way. But what effective initiative has Mr. King's government ever taken to awaken Canadian public opinion or to get Canadian public men to face up to these constitutional difficulties and to do something about them?

Mr. King makes an admirable point in his book that the solution of industrial relations depends upon the same principles as the solution of international relations. The whole thesis of the book is that in both fields we must strive constantly to substitute reason for force. Now every liberal will agree that a healthy society is one in which reason plays an ever-increasing part and force an ever-decreasing part. But realistic liberals know that there will always remain some element of force as long as human beings are the imperfect creatures that they are. Labor leaders have always known by instinct that this beautiful liberal process of round-table discussion is not likely to yield them much fruit until they come to the round-table with as much effective power in their

hands as is possessed by the employers; and so they have set to work to make their unions as strong as possible. Collective bargaining has become a standard process not merely because of appeals to sweet reasonableness but because the labor bargainners now have power in their hands as well as the employers. And in all the bargaining and discussion by which social decisions are made, this element of power, of force, of coercion, is never very far in the background. The liberalism which abhors power politics so thoroughly that it spends its time dreaming (or writing books) of a world from which power will have been eliminated is a liberalism fit only for Sunday sermons.

In the international field in our day this element of power and force has been even more evident than in the field of industrial relations. And Mr. King has gone through what should have been an enlightening experience in this international field since he wrote his book in 1918. It was all very well then to talk nobly about substituting reason for force in human relations. We were all naively optimistic about the League of Nations in those days, and everybody in North America was going to abolish the Balance of Power by joining the League or by going into isolation. But since then Mr. King has led his people into a second World War. And today, as the prospects grow dimmer of getting a second international round-table that will work, Mr. King's Minister of External Affairs and his responsible officials have been hinting broadly that Canada is prepared to join a closer mutual-security organization within the United Nations, the members of which would pool their national military forces for common protection. This does not mean abolishing force but using it in a more effective way.

In international relations since September, 1939, Mr. King's actions as a responsible statesman (for most of which this reviewer has the highest admiration) bear little relation to the naive Utopian liberalism of *Industry and Humanity*. He has been quite prepared to use force when necessary. In industrial relations, since he was chosen leader on the far-reaching platform of 1919, his activities have been mainly negative. He has not extended even the limited participation of the Community in the "Partnership of Industry," which was achieved in his early Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, to the bulk of Canadian industry. As for social legislation, after twenty years in office his government still has a considerable part of the platform of 1919 to carry out, and most of the legislation it has passed has resulted from the lead given by Mr. Woodsworth or Mr. Bennett. When a politician's literary performance diverges so widely from his practical achievement one is compelled to revise one's first thoughts and to doubt whether Canadian politicians should go in for authorship at all.

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Bannered, and ranked, and at its stances fixed
the enfilade with vestment colors the air.
Roll now the batons of the tambours round
ruminant with commencement, and now sound
annunciative, ultramontane, the
fanfares of jubilee!

It moves festive and puissant the chivalry
advances chief, law crouped and curvetting—
finish and force, undulant muscle and braid—
O centaurs en gambade!

They move as through a garden, moving between
gay altitudes of flowers, populous
of all the wards and counties burgeoning hero
ribbons and countenances, joys and colors—
nuances of meridian, the blue
the rose, the vert, the blond, all lambencies
to this rich spectacle turned heliotropic,
graceful and levitant: Quebec, its people:
flotation of faces; bandinage of petals:
profound from suburbs surfaced on
the Real to spy Imagination.

Applause! Ovation of hourras! There pass
before the flowering faces, imaged, the
animal fables, myths of the crayon'd class,
the nursery's voyage and discovery:
redeemed and painted is the Indian;
lake sirens chant again; and sorcery
again makes princess out of Cendrillon,
(by Massicotte, research; and courtesy
of Simpson's and of Eaton T. and Son)
last! last! the coachmen of *chasse-gallerie*.
Oh, all,—parents; their infant epaulettes—
All here are dauphins of a vanished empery.

The grand progenitor! Herbert! Salute
as acted en tableau revived
the pioneer fiat, the patrimonial geste
deracinating forest into prairie!
Surge, visions of farms the river parcelled out!
Conjured, the parish parallelograms,
the chapel's verdant foyer! (Does not this scene,
habitants of the fumed and pulverous city
immured in granite canyons and constrict,
does it not veil the eyes with memories
sylvan, campestrial? Does it not palpitate pain
current nostalgic away from the factory
to the mountain liberties and large champaign?)

Now, into their vision, from the parishes
with gonfalons emergent juvenal
the schools and seminaries, potent with race:
name after name, catena of grand fame,
tradition—orgulous. Martyr and saint
chrysostomate their standards. Aspiration
surrounds them, and the future flowers with power—

regenerate, augmentative: the nation.
The berceuses are its anthems; thus survives
philoprogenitive Quebec; thus grants survival
unto the spired culture elsewhere tom'd
Yes, here with students and their cassock'd doctors,
the angels of Aquinas dance their dances,
and march the pious mascots of St. Francis.

Quebec, Quebec, which for the long blanché age—
infidelium partes—multiplied
pagan its beasts and painted savages—
(while Rome was rounded with St. Peter's dome
and Europe vertical with tower and cross
supported constellations)—is still rich
of realms spiritual the Jesuits founded,
and Sabbaths of the monks of Yamachiche.
Crosses of clery, luxe armorial,
still vivify with their insignia
the evangelical air, and benedictions
douce-digital from priest and eminence
still quadrilate the inhospitable tense.

And sudden! camaraderie and jokes.
Ablute and pompous, staid, the rotund mayor
(remember in Maisonneuve his gestured discourse—
Cyrano, né p'tit gars de Ste. Marie?)
with chain of office now, and magistral,
promenades, flanked by seniors of the city.
These are not allegorical; the people
familiar still, as if with candidates,
cry out allusions, scandals; parody
the clichés and the rhetoric suave.
But unconcerned and bland, the market elect
march recognitions through the colonnade—
ineffably correct.

Patronial, of recent heraldry:
the piston sinistral, the scutcheon coin,
blazon and bar of blank,—the seigneurie
of capital, new masters of domain.
See, this is he, the pulp magnifico,
and this the nabob of the northern mine;
this man is pelts, and this man men allow
factotum. To the servants of their wage,
le peup' the docile, the incognito
paupers, they do offer the day's homage,
but know their seasons appertain to them,
they being loyal, inexpensive, leige.

O who can measure the potency of symbols?
The hieratic gesture murdering grief?
The gloss on suffering? The jewelled toy
that sports away quotidian the anguish?
For the gray seasons and the frustrate heart,
therefore, these rituals, which are therapy,
a ceremonial appeasement. O
single and sole upon the calendar
the baptist's day with rite and rapture tints
dolor that for its annuair of day
will dance, refract, this one day's images.

Departed is the enfilade; the people
in groups chromatic through the boulevards
disperse; spectators benched and poled, descend;
the traffic gauntlets gesture; klaxons sound;
all motion is pastelled; gala and gay
the picnic—loud tramway.
It is a prelude for the pleiades
that pyrotechnic will this night illumine
pères de famille idyllic and content,
and in the dense boskage the ancient intimate experiment.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► AT A TIME when the book business is largely engaged in supplying literary provender for the mass appetite it is heartening to know that there is a publisher of such courage and conscience as James Laughlin. His decision to make available in New Directions Books a number of modern classics which could have little appeal to mass taste deserves enthusiastic support. The publication, for instance, in The Modern Readers Series, of that witty and civilized masterpiece, *The Confessions of Zeno*, by Italo Svevo, rescued from undeserved neglect a work that has been unprocurable for years. In the New Classics Series, which is simply and gracefully produced, it is possible to acquire, at a surprisingly low price, reprints of Kafka's *Amerika*, Alain-Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes* (translated as *The Wanderer*), Rimbaud's *Season in Hell* and *Illuminations*, and representative works of James Forster, Fitzgerald, Gertrude Stein, etc. A critical series, *The Makers of Modern Literature*, already contains a number of titles, to which have been recently added studies of Oscar Wilde, Thomas Wolfe, and André Gide.

Of these the best is Edouard Roditi's critique of Oscar Wilde¹. Wisely relegating to an appendix the sensational biographical details of Wilde's career, the author undertakes the task of assessing the total esthetic importance of Wilde in his poems, plays, and critical works. It is a performance of great finesse and perception, free of the jargonized parade of philosophical terminology which so clutters academic criticism. Using the poetry, in a preliminary canter through his problem, Roditi analyses in a masterly way Wilde's preoccupation with successive fads of Romantic and Victorian literature, and his eventual emergence with an individual style and a clear esthetic. It is Roditi's claim that Wilde was a theorist if not a technician of the same importance as Mallarmé, Baudelaire, and Rimbaud, and that he has exercised a powerful influence, though indirectly, on modern criticism. The esthetics of anarchic, individualistic Dandyism was of course the only possible way of escape from an ugly and oppressive age, but it is not without significance to the Twentieth Century, when tyrannical industrial totalitarianisms, whether of Right or Left, try equally hard to enslave the independence of the artist. Wilde was confused when he tried to transfer this attitude to politics (what he called socialism was really a species of anarchism) and chaos resulted when the transfer was made to ethics. There was an interior clash between his ethics and esthetics which Wilde could not resolve and which led to defiant attempts to excuse grossness of conduct by an appeal to Beauty. Some possibility always remained that after *De Profundis* the problem could be solved, but by that time Wilde was a broken man.

A brilliant exposition of the origins of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is only overshadowed by Roditi's analysis of the comedies. Mercilessly he dissects the impossible combination of the gay artificiality of the comedy of manners proper and the lurid Victorian problem-play, which is seen for instance in *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The need of money alone was responsible for this traffic with contemporary taste, and it was a regrettable compromise. Wilde degraded his comedy by attaching to it the unlovely spectacle of the bourgeoisie examining its own conscience. *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in spite of its farcical plot, achieves an evenness of texture, and it is this play which has exercised such a salutary influence on contemporary exponents of wit

¹OSCAR WILDE: Edouard Roditi; Jonathan David (New Directions): pp. 256; \$2.50.

and paradox. In the drama, as in his esthetics, Wilde's work is a treasury which his followers do not hesitate to raid. In fact, Roditi concludes, wherever one turns, one finds the fruitful influence of Wilde at work, an influence always ready to restrain the artist from making a cheap bargain with a current ideology.

In his study of Thomas Wolfe², Herbert J. Muller explores on another plane the problem of the writer and his immediate environment. The author does not accept Wolfe at his own grandiose evaluation; he nowhere pretends that there was not in Wolfe much that was naive, extravagant, and ludicrous; he is the first to admit that in Wolfe's attempt to give vivid expression to the swarming life of America, he was often a mere rhapsodic recorder of unassimilated catalogues of experience, who showed a "prolonged inability to dominate his materials, to master any kind of form." Equally ready is he to concede that especially in a work like *Look Homeward Angel* Wolfe's thought was chaotic: "he had no clear criterion by which to determine relevance. He had in short no artistic purpose." Nor was Wolfe in any sense a technical innovator; his bow to Joyce meant almost nothing in actual results. Essentially a romantic, with a Faustian conception of his own destiny, and with an avid desire to experience the multiplicity of life, Wolfe is guilty, especially in his early work, of great disorder and sprawl.

In this however Muller finds Wolfe's significance; for Wolfe, keenly aware of the traditionless nature of America (that America whose golden dream for Man was soured by materialism and energetic vulgarity) was himself a symbol of his civilization. The private legend of a Gant-Wolfe is magnified into a public myth. The perpetual theme, the search for a father or an abiding certainty, is no less the spiritual quest of America, which having cut the umbilical cord with European civilization, is engaged in looking for its own certainties. Wolfe, though obsessed by twentieth century man's loneliness, and revolted by his immediate environment, was by the end of his career by no means alienated from his society. He did not retreat from the actual, but rather, pinned an ultimate faith in the restless vitality, the undying promise of America, with all its economic hazard, industrial ugliness, spiritual crassness, and jittery democracy. "He made himself at home in this world," realizing that for modern man there was no other possible solution. Accordingly Muller finds, as his work develops, a growing sense of balance, a tightening of form, a maturity of which death prevented the full expression. Symptomatic of his age, Wolfe was a not always incoherent critic of it, and Muller's defence of his work, couched with caution as it is, has real importance.

It is difficult to speak with much enthusiasm of the third book³, Van Meter Ames' *André Gide*, although it ought to be the most fascinating of the three, considering the immense stature of Gide's work. In trying to deal with the baffling and subtle sensibility of Gide, the writer employs a rather thick pencil. His analyses of *La Porte Etroite*, *Les Caves du Vatican*, and *Les Faux-Monnayeurs* all show the same defect: he leaves problems in a more unsatisfactory state than he found them in; his chapter "Christ and Marx" conveys an uneasy impression that some apology is necessary for Gide, which is far from just. There is in the book great evidence of indigestion, and the style does nothing to dissipate, but rather adds, to the general lack of clarity.

J. C. GARRETT

²THOMAS WOLFE: Herbert J. Muller; Jonathan David (New Directions): pp. 196; \$2.50.

³ANDRÉ GIDE: Van Meter Ames; Jonathan David (New Directions): pp. 302; \$2.50.

BOOKS REVIEWED

DANGER FROM THE EAST: Richard Lauterbach; Musson (Harper & Bros.); pp. 430; \$4.50.

Richard Lauterbach is a *Life* and *Time* correspondent who covered events in the Far East for his papers in 1945 and 1946. In this book he tells "the story of how U.S. policy in the Far East is affecting the daily lives and the future of the peoples in Japan, Korea, and China." Three American Generals have been chiefly responsible for the application of U.S. policy in these zones; so the book is appropriately divided into three sections, entitled "MacArthur's Japan," "Hodge's Korea," and "Marshall's China."

Nearly half the book attempts to answer the question: How democratic has Japan become under the reforms inaugurated by MacArthur? Lauterbach examines carefully the role of Emperor Hirohito today, the new Constitution, the educational changes, the attempts to break up the economic power of the big corporations, and the new place of the peasant and the trade-unionist in Japan. He believes that the labor movement may become the staunchest guardian of democracy and may offer the firmest resistance against any return to the reactionary thirties, but concludes that "Japan is a long way from the kind of democracy which even MacArthur envisions. The roots of evil are still deep in the volcanic soil."

Korea is a mess. The American Military Government has consistently backed the native reactionary forces in Korea and confused the people "by our high words and our low performances." Fear of the people's free will and the bogey of Russia have prevented so far any real application of political and economic democracy.

China is a record failure too. Despite General Marshall's honest attempts to stop the civil war, the U.S. Government's backing of Chiang Kai-shek has meant and continues to mean disaster for China, for democracy, and for world peace. Dr. Lo Lung-Chi, one of the liberals praised by General Marshall, put it in a sentence: "The United States is actually aiding the fascist elements in China. Does the United States want to see Fascism in China?"

Carlyle King

STAR SPANGLED SHADOW: D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P.; London, Frederick Muller; pp. 128; \$1.00 (paper covers).

This pamphlet is another demonstration of how much more effective a training in English court practice is for a criminal prosecutor than a training in the Russian system. Mr. Pritt, the well-known English fellow-traveller, gives us here exactly the same case against American "imperialism" as that which Mr. Vishinsky has been spouting so steadily at Lake Success. But there is none of the harsh violence or vulgar vituperation which is the stock-in-trade of the hero of the Moscow trials. Mr. Pritt has collected all the incidents from World War I to the present which can be used to show the United States in a bad light as a community dominated by wicked Wall Street capitalists. He has all the familiar telling quotations, from President McKinley on the taking over of the Philippines to Virgil Jordan a few months ago. And he simply ignores or minimizes everything that a fair-minded historian would bring into the account to give a balanced picture. He professes to believe that there are liberal democrats in the United States with whom British laborites can work, but his analysis would convince any innocent reader who didn't know some American history already that these people must constitute a singularly minute and futile part of the American population. Of course we here in Canada should not presume to tell the British people

what to do; but it would seem a pity if at the next election Mr. Pritt's labor supporters do not return him to the practice of his profession. His skill at dressing up facts for a jury must surely make him one of the most successful members of the British bar. **F.H.U.**

SHOSTAKOVICH: Ivan Martynov; McLeod; pp. 197; \$4.50.

Mr. Martynov's book sheds light on two subjects: Shostakovich and Soviet music criticism, perhaps the latter more than the former. Although it may not allow us to see Shostakovich music any more clearly, it at least tells us what a Soviet critic sees in his music. Mr. Martynov divides the composer's work into three phases, which we may call study, apostasy, and fulfillment. In the first place the composer worked at the Petrograd conservatory and wrote his promising *First Symphony* (1925). In the second he was debauched by western influence (primarily Hindemith and Stravinsky) and entered the dead-end of unemotional constructivism and naturalism. In this period (1926-1934) he wrote two more symphonies, two operas, *The Nose* and *Lady Macbeth of Mtsenk*, and a number of ballets, including the well-known *Age of Gold*. This art, as *Pravda* effectively pointed out, was superficial, confusing, and non-Soviet. A number of transitional works, such as the *Piano Concerto*, led to his first great achievement, the *Fifth Symphony*. This work launched the final phase, which has continued to the present day and includes four more symphonies as well as a number of chamber works. The compositions of this last phase are (in Martynov's appraisal) all good without exception.

We have here an extremely schematized view of Shostakovich's development. What is this unemotional, constructivist, naturalistic poison which spoiled the works from 1926 to 1934, and how did Shostakovich surmount it with such consistent success? Mr. Martynov does not answer this question by defining constructivism or naturalism, indeed he merges the two into one, but he does associate with them other words like burlesque, exaggeration, formalism, non-objectivism, deliberate unnaturalness, fascist obscurantism, and with instrumental imitations of a man hiccupping or shaving. Such music, he says, can hardly be "allied to Soviet reality." Shostakovich, apparently, was seeking an alliance of this sort throughout his middle period, while the negative musical and dramatic tendencies which he was absorbing prevented it. But, having absorbed them by 1934, he was now ready to discard all their false principles and use only their technique. He could now apply this technique to Soviet realities and, assisted by his understanding of the classical masters and their Russian successors of the nineteenth century, produce the *Fifth Symphony* and other great works. Finally, out of the "Patriotic War" came an outstanding theme, and the composer was at last worthy of it. Mr. Martynov discusses rather rhapsodically the qualities of these later works, their simplicity, humanity, and vigor, their enormous skill and subtlety. They are both "profoundly national" and "cosmopolitan and international in nature." Most important of all, Shostakovich is now "a Soviet artist . . . inspired by Soviet realities."

Such is Mr. Martynov's appraisal of Shostakovich's development and significance. Having heard few works of the composer's middle period, I hesitate to endorse an alternative theory, but it is, at any rate, possible that the middle period Shostakovich is the real Shostakovich and that he has adapted himself to Soviet realities without changing his essential nature. Mr. Martynov sees the composer in his middle period as a tricky show-off with unbounded facility. I am not sure that he is anything else today. He may be

dealing with Soviet realities instead of linear constructivism, but behind every mask I expect to see the bright boy of the twenties sticking out his tongue.

If one leaves Shostakovich and tries to judge the book as criticism, further difficulties appear. Whatever it may have been like in Russian I do not know, but it can never have been well written. Absurd generalizations and windy abstractions clutter up every page. One reads of "the sacred truths of art," "the great pattern of human suffering," "the organic unity of form," "the vital comprehension of realities," and innumerable inherent principles, fundamental laws, and basic elements. Mr. Martynov makes it quite clear that he dislikes soulless abstractions in music; one wishes that his dislike had extended into literature as well.

Milton Wilson.

FROM BEETHOVEN TO SHOSTAKOVICH: Max Graf; McLeod (Philosophical Library); pp. 461; \$5.50.

Mr. Graf's thinking is as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of clichés. His work is a most peculiar and ill-considered attempt to make clear the origins and methods of the musically creative process. It derives, so far as one can tell (and the cluttered, turgid, repetitious style makes this difficult), from the psychological, the religious, and the naturalistic schools, and, as might have been said in *The Beggar on Horseback*, it retains the worst features of each. Perhaps one quotation will clarify this position: "The musical conception of such musicians as Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms is arranged and organized by spiritual forces similar to those that give flowers and trees, animals and men their form."

Indicative of the volume's depth and scope, as well as of the lengths to which publishers will go in their search for a catchy title, is Mr. Graf's hurried disposition of Shostakovich. He gives him rather less than one page and sums him up in this terse revealing sentence: "He just shakes music out of his sleeve."

There are many musical examples and an index.

In brief, this book tells both more and less about the creative processes than I am interested in knowing. Takes four hundred and sixty-one pages to do it, too. **A. S.**

FLASHING WINGS: Richard M. Saunders; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 388; \$4.50.

Dr. Saunders, associate professor of history at the University of Toronto and well-known Ontario field naturalist, has compiled from his own notes, gathered in the Toronto-Hamilton area over a number of years, an entrancing calendar of bird life. It is cleverly illustrated by T. M. Shortt, although regrettably with only one color plate.

This book would seem to make greater appeal to the ornithologist or the experienced bird enthusiast than to the novice. The latter might find its mass of quick-moving and necessarily unorganized detail bewildering. He may be confused by the easy familiarity with which Dr. Saunders treats his feathered friends. The writer seldom capitalizes bird names. He seldom describes any species fully.

Lending interest is Dr. Saunders' casual inclusion of the unfeathered comrades who share his bird watches and hikes as he scours the city ravines and countless outlying bird haunts for "flashing wings." Many readers will be delighted to find their naturalist friends stalking rare birds in these pages and with them will revisit pleasantly scenes of their own bird adventures. One of Dr. Saunders' stories tells of the day in Toronto during the opening days of the war when he was observing a flight of hawks with his binoculars. Suddenly he was surrounded by a group of "flat-footed hawks,"

who escorted him to the nearest police station as a spy suspect. It was his friend and companion on many an outing, Jas. L. Baillie, Ontario Museum ornithologist, who extricated him from this predicament. Mr. Baillie has collaborated with Dr. Saunders in preparing a valuable bird migration chart for the Toronto district, included in the book.

This author ranges from beautifully descriptive or imaginative passages to unpolished extracts from his notebook, but he maintains a vivid and entertaining style and reveals a keen appreciation of the wonder and beauty of nature. His book should prove an inspiration to bird lovers and a fine permanent record for serious ornithologists.

Ruth Dingman Hebb.

WHEN THE MOUNTAIN FELL: C-F Ramuz; Jonathan David; pp. 221; \$3.25.

This story of Deborence, a Swiss mountain village buried under the falling stone of an avalanche, is a strikingly beautiful piece of prose. Deborence was a small pastoral settlement high up in the Alps where the men from the villages lower down stayed with their flocks for two or three months every summer. When the mountain fell, there were nineteen at Deborence, but only one man, the shepherd, Antoine, managed to escape alive, and he only after being buried under the rocks for almost eight weeks. In telling the story, the author shows both the conflict between man and nature at its most uncompromising, and man struggling against the forces in his own nature which impel him toward the destruction attempted in vain by the natural world. True love is the agent which resolves this latter problem. But there is nothing crudely sentimental about this story. On the contemporary fiction counter, it is a finely cut gem amid a clutter of synthetics. In general style and outlook it reminds one of the nineteenth-century German *novella*, but like them it is original in the truest sense of the word, and belongs to no special age.

Fran Ziemann.

AMERICA'S NEEDS AND RESOURCES: J. Frederick Dewhurst and Associates; Twentieth Century Fund; pp. 812; \$6.25.

The Twentieth Century Fund have attempted an exceedingly ambitious survey. Their aim has been no less than to measure the total American economy in all its fields. Predictions of consumer requirements have been made for the years 1947, 1950, and 1960 and the entire nation's resources have been analyzed and an estimate made of capital requirements. Some attention is paid to the kind of organization which will make possible such an economy for the United States.

This is a weighty book, in size and in its list of experts who have contributed to the study. While moderate, sometimes conservative in tone, it assumes a philosophy of planning against which American business leaders are wont to rail these days. It is a statistician's feast—32 appendices, 225 tables, and 42 figures and graphs. Because of its comprehensive character, it has great value for research and reference but the casual reader will probably find it over-
formidable.

J.R.K.

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THE WELL OF DAYS: Ivan Bunin, tr. Gleb Struve and Hamish Miles; Jonathan David (John Lehmann, 1946, first pub. Eng. 1933); \$2.00.

Much excellent and sensitive writing is included in this first volume of nineteenth century biography. The hero, Arseniev, aware of life emotionally rather than sensually, and yet nervously hypersensitive so that even the most commonplace scene is recorded with taut apprehension; Arseniev, gradually spreading his small orb of being until it includes all Russia, yet centres still in the ancestral manor; Arseniev, feeling, experiencing, questioning, in a dream-world awareness: this is the narrator, in one sense the voice of his period.

There are some passages of amazing beauty, as when he describes a walk through wet beech woods in October; and some of piercing spiritual insight; and some of that clarity which is truth, as when he points to a picture of the Lord's holy warrior, Alexander Nevsky, "his menacing and pious eyes lifted heavenward." The English reader can become as sensitive in apperception as the hero: but he cannot lose himself entirely. There are passages which suggest not the wandering of a mazed soul but the nonsense novels of Stephen Leacock, sentences which belong not in tortuous involutions but in a parody of them.

The translation is neither intrusive nor insensitive, and though it is capable of remarking that "my brother George came to Baturino the week before he himself did not expect to be released," it is not responsible for the reader's uneasiness. Sometimes I was convinced that this must be a parody of the oversensitive intellectual aristocrat, who, as his father says, has nothing except his beautiful soul, who makes his ineffectual course in a series of large, rhetorical questions, distracted attitudes, truncated actions, and a few wild beautiful gestures. And yet there is so much clear sight, so much pure loveliness, in the book, that one would hesitate to label it even partially a satire.

In any piece of writing there is an undercurrent of understanding between author and reader; translation includes the problem of transcribing, from one culture group to another, things alien to the translator's audience, which they will not know instinctively. Rarely can this be done, so subtly bound up is it with connotations of words, shades of style, and intangibilities of background. That is the difficulty here; that is why the reader is intrigued, bewildered, amused, and moved in disturbing succession, and why he feels a lack of unity even among the surface-unities of the book. In the original there would be a guide in the feeling beneath the words: here there is no signpost.

All the English reader can do is to enjoy the many excellencies of the book, while reflecting that time or translation have much the same effect, and that he is as far from Bunin as he is from Webster.

M.R.G.

JACOB MOUNTAIN, FIRST LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC: Thomas R. Millman; University of Toronto Press; pp. 320; \$4.00.

The inadequate library of Canadian church history has received a valuable addition in Dr. Millman's scholarly study of Jacob Mountain, first Lord Bishop of Quebec. Jacob Mountain came to Canada in 1793 firmly convinced that his duty was to effect the establishment of the Church of England in the new world on precisely the same basis as that which obtained in England. It was quite inconceivable to him that there could be a stable, orderly, and "respectable" government without an ecclesiastical establishment; and it was equally unintelligible that a government should be prepared to recognize those of the age in which he was born; and viewed against the political and social background of eighteenth century England he was an excellent bishop. In

the Canadian setting, however, he is quite incongruous, and it is only remarkable that he succeeded as far as he did in putting his "Church and State" plans into effect.

Although preoccupied with constitutional and political affairs, Dr. Mountain was not careless of his spiritual duties. In the numerous visitations of his vast diocese, and constant concern for the welfare of the clergy and people in his cure, he laid foundations upon which his successors could build with confidence.

H. V. R. Short.

A BANNED BROADCAST AND OTHER ESSAYS: J. B. S. Haldane; Oxford; pp. 258; \$3.00.

The essays range over a great variety of subjects, including biology, mathematics, physics, statistics, philosophy, psychology, Marxism. The popular scientific essays, too, are tinged with varying degrees of Marxian philosophy. But even those who do not agree with Mr. Haldane's Marxian approach, will find most of the essays well and vividly written, provocative and full of interesting information. I must say that I found myself very much in disagreement while reading some of the essays on subjects on which I consider myself something of a specialist. But I did not find the essays boring. Neither do I believe (as the author does) that a twelve-year-old boy can understand Calculus. Of course, this depends on what we understand by Calculus.

L. Infeld.

RUSSIAN RADICALS LOOK TO AMERICA, 1825-94:

David Hecht: S. J. Reginald Saunders; (Harvard University Press); pp. 242; \$5.00.

This reads like a Ph.D. contribution to "knowledge." The author takes six pre-Marxian Russian radicals: Herzen, Ogarev, Bakunin, Chernyshevski, Lavrov, and Chaikovski, and shows what they learned from and thought about 19th century America. This information is carefully documented with the usual rash of footnotes, ibids, and cfs. There is a select bibliography and a good index. The upshot of all this learning is that three of these worthies regarded America as a beacon of hope to them that sat in Russian darkness, Bakunin was cagey, and the other two thought that American capitalism was as bad as European feudalism. Proves what? The author hopes "that this book will help to dispel the mists surrounding the Russian soul."

C.K.

THE LONG REPRIEVE: Hubert Creekmore; Jonathan David; pp. 67; \$3.25.

An integrated emotional outlook and an analytical and intellectual mind are indicated in these "poems of New Caledonia." The book deals in the main with three themes: soldiers, natives, and nature. I found the latter, though competent, the least impressive, a static and unfamiliar catalogue: the native group—such as *Aliki* and *The Red Ouainth*, elusively oblique legends—are among the best. Although the verse technique, generally speaking one of assonance and stress rather than rhyme and metre, is frequently highly effective, the best single lines are the simplest: "Fear is why we fought and what we found."

If Mr. Creekmore ever attains, as seems likely, a fusion of thought and expression, and loses an apparent straining at structural individuality, he should produce some poetry of as real distinction as this is of valid interest.

M.R.G.

CANADA YEAR BOOK 1947

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CORRECTION

We regret that the publisher of *Psychiatry For Everyman* by J. A. C. Brown and *How Our Minds Work* by C. E. M. Joad, reviewed in our last issue, was inadvertently listed as S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. These two books were published by Philosophical Library, Inc. (New York City) for whom the Canadian agent is George J. McLeod Ltd.

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FRED M. YOUNG, of Halifax, N.S., is Maritime Director of the CCF. . . J. R. STIRRETT is a Toronto lawyer who is specializing in the politics of atomic energy. . . A. M. KLEIN, who is visiting lecturer in poetry at McGill University, was recently awarded the Edward Bland memorial fellowship for a series of poems dealing with French Canada. . . JOHN PORTER HEYMANN lives in Portland, Maine.

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ERNEST BEVIN

by TREVOR EVANS

A lively and informative study of the phenomenon we know as Ernest Bevin, a man of curious complexities and contradictions of character, who mingles greatness with prejudices, arrogance with humility, and friendliness with reserve.

His extraordinary rise reflects the growing status of organized labor—to which he contributed so much. The son of a village midwife, he was orphaned at the age of six, started work when eleven, and ran away to Bristol two years later. Until he was 29 he was never paid more than £2 a week. As a farm boy he managed to learn his politics through reading newspapers to his master. Becoming in time a trade union leader, he won fame as the "Dockers' K.C." He dominated the T.U.C., and there were feuds with well-known leaders. When nearly 60 he was enlisted in the War Cabinet and mobilized the nation for war as it has never been mobilized before. Soon after he entered Parliament for the first time.

The author has secured the whole-hearted co-operation of some of Bevin's close associates, and presents a life as moving in its early as it is important in its later phases. Further, it is a study of character and of a man who embodies the outlook and hopes of the working man, of a man of tremendous influence who may well go down to history as the strangest of all Britain's Foreign Secretaries.

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PALESTINE MISSION:

A Personal Record

by Richard Crossman

This book is not only about the crucial question of Palestine. It is also concerned with the situation of the Jews in the world today. *Must the Jew choose between Zionism and ceasing to be a Jew?*

When Foreign Minister Bevin appointed Richard Crossman to the "Anglo-American Committee of Enquiry Regarding the Problems of European Jewry and Palestine" he did so because Mr. Crossman was *not* a specialist. So Richard Crossman's book is not a cold factual survey of an abstract problem, but rather a human document of what went on in the author's mind as he was confronted day by day with the human evidence in the case. As a well-informed journalist and a Labor MP, Mr. Crossman knew that the limitation of Jewish immigration into Palestine was a contravention of the spirit and the letter of previously declared British policy; he knew that his own Labor Party had declared itself in favor of a Jewish home in Palestine. He had visited the concentration camps in Germany, realized the tragic predicament of Europe's Jews. He knew something of the Arab position and the seeming impossibility of reconciling extreme and conflicting views. He was vitally concerned with the possibility of Anglo-American co-operation in arriving at an equitable solution. What was the answer—Zionist State? Arab domination? British withdrawal? Partition? Should a large number of Jews be admitted immediately?

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